THE

JUVENILE MAGAZINE,

OR

MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY

OF

USEFUL INFORMATION.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:

Printed for

Benjamin Johnſon, & Jacob Johnſon,

High-Street.

1802.

PREFACE.

When a new work makes its appearance it is uſual that the editor, or author, acquaint the reader with the kind of book offered for his peruſal, and the motives which induced its publication. It is in compliance with this cuſtom, that we detain our juvenile friends a moment from the gratification we hope thep will find in the peruſal of our little volume, merely to inform them, in a conciſe manner, what are our leading objects in thi undertaking.

We have obſerved with concern the numerous trifling publications almoſt daily iſſuing from the preſs, under various alluring titles, calculated to force the attention of children, and to poiſon the young mind with a love for romance, at the ſerious expence of uſeful and ornamental acquiſitions. Many of theſe are read with avidity by the enquiring mind; and not unfrequently lead the moſt promiſing

youths into error. There is perhaps no period of human life, when a thirſt for information is more ſtrikingly predominant, and in which the mind is more capable of retaining impreſſions, either uſeful or pernicious, than from the age of ten to twenty: For this age we have no appropriate periodical publication in America.—It is now the watchful parent's attention is more particularly requiſite, to guard the avenues of improper communication to their offspring; and in no inſtance, we apprehend, can that care be better directed, than in the judicious choice of books for their peruſal.

Under theſe impreſſions, we conceive we cannot devote our time more properly, or employ our preſs more profitably to ourſelves, or advantageouſly to the riſing generation of America, than by publiſhing monthly (or more frequently ſhould ſufficient encouragement offer) a volume devoted peculiarly to their entertainment and information.

A vitiated taſte for light reading hath become ſo general, that a new publication, pro-

ſeſſing to make amuſement only a ſecondary object, will, no doubt, meet with much diſcouragement: Nevertheleſs, we are inclined to believe, that, from the judicious, even among the youth, we will find ſuch encouragement, both pecuniary and literary, as will enable us to proſecute our deſign: being well convinced that in the minds of all young perſons there is a natural love for truth, and that the prevailing taſte for romance, ariſes more from the ſuper-abundance of that deſcription of books, and a ſcarcity of thoſe of a contrary tendency, than from any innate diſpoſition of the mind for ſuch reading.

However, in endeavouring to ſtem the current of popular predelection for romance, we wiſh to avoid the oppoſite extreme, and to conſult, in ſome meaſure, every taſte, by a proper intermixture of the uſeful with the agreeable; information with entertainment; and inſtruction with amuſement—We do not propoſe to exclude every kind of fiction: agreeable tales, inculcating ſome moral precept, or inforcing the obſervance of ſome duty, will always find a place in our miſcellany.

We preſume enough has been ſaid, to convince the readers of the Juvenile Magazine, that we have their intereſt in view, as well as our own; and if we fail in making it an entertaining, as well as inſtructive miſcellany, it will only afford another proof, amongſt many that it is much eaſier to form good intentions, than to put them in practice.

THE EDITORS

A

DESCRIPTION OF

THE

CHARACTER, MANNERS

AND

CUSTOMS

OF THE INHABITANTS OF

EASTER ISLAND.

[With an elegant engraving.]

EASTER-ISLAND, ſituated in the South-Sea, about twenty-ſeven degrees ~~north~~ latitude, and a hundred and eleven degrees weſt-longitude, was diſcovered in 1686, by an Engliſhman of the name of Davis.

The people in the iſland are of a middle ſize; and in general thin. Many of them go entirely naked; their faces are painted red, and they are tattooed on ſeveral parts of the body, a cuſtom which is very common to all the inhabitants of the South-Sea iſlands. The greateſt peculiarity belonging to theſe people is, the ſize of their ears, the lobe of which is ſtretched out ſo that it almoſt reſts upon their ſhoulder. The chief ornaments for their ears are the white down of feathers,

and rings made of the leaf of the ſugar-cane, which is very elaſtic, and for this purpoſe is rolled up ſomething in the manner of a watch-ſpring. Some of them wear garments like thoſe which are uſed by the inhabitants of Otaheite, tinged of a bright orange-colour; theſe were ſuppoſed by Captain Cook to be the chiefs of the country.

The natural colour of their ſkin is a cheſnut brown; their hair is black, curling, and remarkably ſtrong. The women are ſmall, and ſlender limbed: they have punctures on the face, reſembling the patches ſometimes uſed by European ladies: they paint their faces all over with a reddiſh brown, and above this they lay a fine orange-colour extracted from the turmeric root; the whole is then variegated with ſtreaks of white ſhell lime.

Although the coaſt appears not deficient in fiſh, yet the inhabitants live chiefly on vegetables, ſuch as potatoes, yams, bananas, ſugar-canes, and a ſmall fruit which grows upon the rocks on the ſea-ſhore, reſembling the grapes that are found in parts adjacent to the tropic in the Atlantic Ocean.

The fields are cultivated with a conſiderable degree of ſkill. The inhabitants root up the graſs, lay it in heaps to dry, after which they burn it, and uſe the aſhes as manure for the land. The banana trees are planted in a ſtrait line. The garden night-ſhade is cultivated here, but for what purpoſe is not certain: if they had any veſſels which would bear the heat of fire, it might be dreſſed in the ſame manner as ſpinage is cooked in other places; but they have no other method of cooking their proviſions than by digging a hole, and covering their yams and potatoes with red-hot ſtones and embers, mixed with earth, ſo that every thing which they eat is cooked as in an oven.

One of their houſes being meaſured, was found to be three hundred and ten feet in length, ten feet broad, and about ten feet high in the middle; its form was that of a canoe reverſed: the only entrances were by two doors, two feet high, through which it is neceſſary to creep on hands and feet. This houſe was capable of containing more than two hundred perſons; and being without furniture, it is evident that it

could not be intended for the habitation of any chief; but formed of itſelf a village.

From the ſtructure of the houſes, and the manners of the women, it is inferred that the children are the common property of the ſtate: no Indian appears to poſſeſs any authority as a huſband over any one of the women.

The moſt remarkable curioſity belonging to Eaſter-Iſland is, a number of Coloſſian ſtatues, (ſee the Plate) of which, however, very few remain entire.

One of theſe meaſured fifteen feet in length, and ſix broad over the ſhoulders: each ſtatue had on its head a large cylindric ſtone of a red colour, wrought perfectly even and round. Others were found that meaſured nearly twenty-ſeven feet, and eight or nine feet over the ſhoulders; and one ſtill larger was ſtanding, in the year 1774, the ſhade of which was ſufficient to ſhelter thirty perſons from the rays of the ſun. But the largeſt which remained, when M. de la Perouſe viſited the iſland, meaſured only fourteen feet ſix inches in height, ſeven feet ſix inches in breadth acroſs the ſhoulders,

three feet in thickneſs round the belly, and five feet thick at the baſe.

The workmanſhip is rude, but not bad, nor are the features of the face ill-formed; the ears are long according to the diſtortion practiſed in the country, and the bodies have hardly any thing of a human figure about them. Theſe monuments, which are evidently of conſiderable antiquity, while they ſhew the ſmall progreſs made in the art of ſculpture, exhibit ſtrong proofs of the ingenuity and perſeverance of the iſlanders in the age in which they were erected. How perſons wholly unacquainted with the advantages of the mechanical powers, could raiſe ſuch ſtupendous figures, and then place the large cylindric ſtones upon their heads, ſeems aſtoniſhing.

All the monuments which are at this time in exiſtence are ſituated in *morais*, or burying places; and were probably erected in honour of perſons who had been chiefs in the iſland.

The coloſſal images are at preſent ſuperſeded by ſmall pyramidal heaps of ſtones, the topmoſt of which is white-waſhed.

One of the natives ſhewed M. de La Perouſe that theſe ſtones covered a tomb, by laying himſelf down at full length on the ground; afterwards, raiſing his hands towards the ſky, he appeared, evidently, deſirous of expreſſing the idea that they believed in a future ſtate of exiſtence. This, however, ſeems rather extraordinary, ſince no traces of worſhip are to be diſcovered; nor are there any grounds for ſuppoſing that the ſtatues are uſed as idols, although the Indians ſhew ſome kind of veneration for them.

The inhabitants of this iſland are hoſpitable, but greatly addicted to theft. While they are preſenting a ſtranger with potatoes and ſugar canes, they never let an opportunity ſlip of robbing him, if it can be done with impunity. In rendering an European any ſervice or aſſiſtance, they will not fail to pay themſelves for the trouble, by ſnatching from him his hat or handkerchief, with which they eſcape at full ſpeed. And though others of them will pretend to follow him in order to recover the property, yet it is only with a view of eluding the attention of the perſon thus plundered.

The water of Eaſter-Iſland is in general brackiſh, there being only one well that is perfectly freſh, which is at the eaſt end of the iſland: and whenever they repair to it to ſlake their thirſt, they waſh themſelves all over, and if there is a large company, the firſt leaps into the middle of the hole, drinks, and waſhes himſelf without ceremony; after which another takes his place, and ſo on in ſucceſſion.

Advantages of History.

BEFORE the invention of letters, the great and the powerful ſeem to have relied, for future praiſe and remembrance, upon maſſy and huge ſtructures, expreſſive of the grandeur and potency of thoſe who cauſed them to be erected. Hence the mighty works of Nebuchadnezzar and Semiramis: and hence thoſe magnificent and awful edifices, the *pyramids;* edifices, that have ſurvived the very names of their founders. At length, humanity and letters ſpread themſelves over the face of the earth; and laid the baſis of monuments ſtill more durable;

and the introduction of the excellent, the invaluable art of *printing*, made the communication of them to all ranks of people cheap and eaſy. From this ſource flow the refinements and embelliſhments that ſo remarkably diſtinguiſh modern from all preceding times.

Fame ceaſed, now, to be reſtrained to him, who, with the hands of a thouſand ſlaves, could build himſelf a name: like a confined torrent, it burſt its too narrow bounds, and diffuſed itſelf, in gentle ſtreams, among all conditions of men. Since this auſpicious period, every one has been permitted to become a candidate for glory; and vice, in every ſituation, has been expoſed to the ſcourge of reproach. Happy he, who feels, with one of the greateſt of poets:

"Nor fame I ſlight, nor for her favours call,
She comes unlook'd for, if ſhe comes at all:
But if the purchaſe coſt ſo dear a price
As ſoothing folly, or exalting vice;
Or if no baſis bear my riſing name
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;
Indignant let me ſcorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breaſt that wretched luſt of praiſe:
Unblemiſh'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh! grant an honeſt fame, or grant me none."

POPE.

Hiſtory, as it is one of the moſt ancient, ſo it is alſo one of the moſt improving ſciences. Not only to the great, but to every one, it is an excitement to virtuous, and, therefore, laudible actions: it is a kind of ſea-mark to warn from the approach of the ſands and ſhelves to which we are often expoſed: it opens our minds; informs us what to ſeek, and what to ſhun; renders us converſable creatures, and fits us to be members of ſociety.

The pleaſure and entertainment of this ſtudy are equal to any thing that can be expreſſed. We ſeem to converſe with our fathers; and to be in the very ſcene of action which the hiſtorian is deſcribing: we rejoice and exult, we glow with paſſion, we melt into pity, we are filled with indignation and remorſe, we ſhudder with horror, we are impatient to trace the hand of Providence to the cataſtrophe of affairs; and, in a private ſtudy, experience all the joys and tumults of life.

In order to underſtand, and to derive advantage from, what we read, ſome judgment, however, and the obſervance of ſome rules, are always neceſſary; and

never more ſo than when we read hiſtory. Great care ſhould be taken, leſt, from reading without attention, or from the wrong choice of hiſtorians, the mind be led to imagine only ſuch and ſuch things right, without giving fair quarter to another party or opinion. A perſon who ſits down to this ſtudy, ſhould diveſt himſelf of all prejudice and partiality, ſhould enter upon his ſubject, unbiaſſed by any reſentment or pique againſt any party or ſect, whoſe actions he is going to ſcan; till, by comparing different accounts of the ſame perſons, or facts, his reaſon directs him where to ſettle his good opinion, or his diſlike. Biography, which introduces us more minutely to the characters of the perſons who have acted conſpicuous parts in thoſe events which the hiſtorian records, is extremely uſeful as a collateral ſtudy; and a knowledge of geography, and, indeed, an immediate reference to maps, is often neceſſary to render the pages that lie before us intelligible.

If we would really ſtudy the hiſtory of a country, we ought upon no account to omit reading the records of thoſe with which it is in any way connected. Thus,

in reading the hiſtory of England ſcientifically, we ſhould conſult the hiſtorians of Scotland, France, Spain, and Germany: for, if we deſire to judge of truth for ourſelves, we ought, when they are mentioned as at variance to conſult their own writers on the conteſted point. The practiſe of this rule would increaſe our knowledge of chronology; and by knowing what princes reigned ſucceſſively in other countries, and the tendency, of their conduct, we ſhould be enabled to take a very enlightened view of our own affairs.

Envy.

ENVY I judge to be a deviation of the paſſion of ambition. It is that uneaſy emotion which is felt on the advantages, be they what they may, that are in poſſeſſion of others. The genuine nature of ambition is to aim at the attainment of excellence, for the ſake of its beauty and utility; it becomes ſpurious when it ſtruggles, comparatively, through the mere deſire of ſuperiority; and thus we ſee, it is the quality of great minds

to love and to praiſe their competitors, while ſordid ſpirits hate and defame them. From the eagerneſs for ſuperiority, firſt engendered in the ſpirit of Lucifer, ſprang this diabolical depravity of the paſſion. It is a foul and diſgraceful diſorder of the ſoul: let it be detected and cruſhed. While we deſire and purſue real advantages, we only obey the voice of Nature; but the moment we are irritated at thoſe of another, we attend no longer to her; we reſign ourſelves to envy.

Origin of Mausoleums.

MAUSOLUS, king of Caria, dying, left his ſovereign authority to queen Artemiſia, his beloved conſort. This princeſs employed all her power in ſingularizing the tenderneſs ſhe had for her lord. Wiſhing to immortalize her regrets, ſhe cauſed to be raiſed, in honour of her dear Mauſolus, a monument ſo magnificent, that it was taken for one of the ſeven wonders of the world; and ever ſince all ſuperb monuments, erected to the memory of the dead, have been called Mauſoleums.

WHEN we conſider the ſhortneſs of human life, and the numerous avocations in which the bulk of mankind are neceſſarily engaged, it will evidently appear to be the greateſt wiſdom, as well as an indiſpenſible duty, to redeem time with all diligence, and to uſe every means that may conduce to render it either more conſiderable or more profitable.

When we alſo reflect on the cloſe and intimate connection which ſubſiſts between the two conſtituent parts of the human frame, the body and the mind; how much the energy and vigour of the one depend upon the health and comfort of the other; and how very difficult, nay, almoſt impoſſible, it is to apply with proper diligence to the acquirement of knowledge, and to diſcharge the neceſſary duties of life, whilſt the body is preſſed down by pain and ſickneſs, and in a ſtate of debility; it will cogently appear to be the part of a wiſe and prudent man to render every means ſubſervient to the preſervation of all his faculties, whether of body or mind, in the higheſt degree of vigour and animation.

Amongſt all the means which may be uſed to attain theſe valuable ends, perhaps none is more efficacious than the practice of early riſing. Trivial as it may appear to a ſuperficial obſerver, the effects of its ſalutary influence, on a mature conſideration, will not fail to appear highly important.

How advantageous is early riſing, when we conſider it as a means of redeeming time: two or three hours ſaved in a morning from the bed of ſloth, would add very conſiderably to the period of human life. "For my part," ſays a celebrated philoſopher, "I am for making my life as long as I can, and therefore ſleep as little as poſſible."

The ſalutiferous effects of early riſing, on the body, are ſtrikingly obvious, when we, for a moment, contraſt the pale countenance of him who is accuſtomed to the baneful and deleterious practice of turning day into night, with the healthful, rudy complexion of the peaſant who riſes with the ſun. Indeed, it is an antidote againſt many diſorders of the worſt nature incident to the human frame, particularly that dreadful train of nervous diſeaſes, under the preſſure of which ſo

many of our fellow creatures have lived a life of continued miſery, and which has, ultimately, ſhortened their days. The practice of early riſing is alſo a means of preſerving and prolonging life, inſomuch that it would be almoſt impoſſible to find a very aged perſon who has not been an early riſer.

How favourable and delightful is the morning for contemplation on the works of Nature. How glorious and magnificent the whole creation, when the ſun, riſing in majeſtic ſplendor, tinges the horizon with his crimſon die, illuminates the earth with his golden rays, and imparts his prolific influence to the animal and vegetable kingdoms; when the feathered tribe regale the ear with their moſt melodious notes, hailing the return of welcome day; and when every ſpire of graſs is decked with dewy ſpangles of inexpreſſible beauty and endleſs diverſity.

And ſhall the powers of both body and mind lie dormant at this moſt pleaſing and inſtructive ſeaſon? Shall we not rather riſe from the "falſely luxurious" bed of ſloth, that, by improving theſe

precious hours, we may learn "to ſee God in all, and all in God.*"

"For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life.†"

The morning is alſo peculiarly adapted to ſtudy and mental improvement, as at that period the mind is calm and ſerene, the imagination more lively, the judgment more ſolid, and the intellectual faculties are more clear.

Deliberation and thought are the characteriſtics of wiſdom, as raſhneſs and inconſiderateneſs are the marks of folly: how much, then, is it likely to conduce to the proper diſcharge of the duties of life, whether of a temporal or ſpiritual nature, when, previous to our entering thereupon, we ſet apart a portion of our time for reflection and devotional exerciſe; and it is well known that, in every engagement, an aſſiduous application in the morning, generally determines the ſucceſs of our undertakings throughout the day.

* Dr. Gregory's Economy of Nature.

† Thomſon's Seaſons.

Dean Swift has obſerved, "that he never knew any man come to greatneſs and eminence who lay long in bed in the morning." Certain it is, that the moſt eminent characters that ever exiſted have accuſtomed themſelves to the practice of early riſing.

Numerous examples might here be cited; in concluſion, let it ſuffice to give one. It is related of the illuſtrious Alfred, one of the greateſt and wiſeſt monarchs that ever ſat on the throne of England, that, by this excellent practice, and by a judicious diviſion of his time, he was enabled not only to apply himſelf to the affairs of government with an induſtry almoſt unparalleled, but alſo to ſet apart no leſs than eight hours every day for reading, writing, and ſtudy.

The Life of John Philip Baratier.

THIS wonderful youth, who was juſt exhibited by Providence upon the ſtage of life, to ſhew the extenſive powers of the human mind, and then diſappeared, as if fitted for a higher ſphere,

was born in 1721, at Schwobach, near Nuremburg, in the Margravate of Brandenburgh Anſpach. His father was miniſter of the French church at Schwobach, having fled from France on account of his being a proteſtant, at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He was a man of great piety and learning, and undertook the education of his ſon himſelf, who made ſo great a progreſs under his inſtructions, that, at the age of five years, he is ſaid to have underſtood the Greek, Latin, German, and French languages. His father, ſurpriſed and delighted with his uncommon genius, next proceeded to teach him Hebrew, and in leſs than a year he was able to read the hiſtorical books of the Bible in that tongue. At the age of nine years he could tranſlate any part of the Hebrew ſcriptures into Latin, and even re-tranſlate thoſe verſions into Hebrew, an attainment which is almoſt incredible. At the ſame age he could repeat the Hebrew Pſalter by rote, without having taken any other pains to commit it to memory than juſt reading it through with his father. By the time he had reached his tenth year, our young ſcholar had drawn up a

Hebrew lexicon, of uncommon and difficult words, to which were added many curious remarks. He was now very desirous of reading the rabbins; and prevailed with his father to purchase for him the great rabbinical bible, published at Amsterdam, in 1728, 4 vols. folio. This work he read with great accuracy and attention, and drew up an account of it, which was published in the 26th volume of the Bibliotheque Germanique. In 1731, he was matriculated in the University of Altdorf. In his eleventh year he published the Travels of Rabbi Benjamin, of Tudela, translated from the Hebrew into French, with curious notes and dissertations. The Margrave of Anspach, in 1734, gave him a pension of fifty florins a year, and at the same time allowed him the free use of his magnificent library.

But though Baratier principally applied himself to philological pursuits, he did not neglect the sciences. His attainments in mathematics and astronomy were considerable; and, in 1735, he actually laid before the Academy of Sciences at Berlin, a method of discovering the longitude at sea. The same year he

was admitted a member of that learned body. Shortly afterwards he publiſhed a learned theological work, entitled, "Anti Artemomius," againſt Samuel Crellius, the ſocinian, who had aſſumed the name of Artemomius, and the ſubject is the text at the beginning of St. John's Goſpel. The ſame year (1735) he accompanied his father to the univerſity of Halle, where he was offered the degree of Maſter of Arts, or, as it is there termed, doctor in philoſophy.

The ſame night he drew up fourteen theſes in philoſophy and the mathematics, which the next day he publicly defended in the Univerſity with ſo much ability, that his degree was conferred on him with unanimous applauſe. From thence he went to Berlin, where he was introduced to the King, who had little reſpect for learning. His Majeſty, however, ſhewed him great favour, but, by way of mortifying him, one day aſked him, "whether he was acquainted with the public law of the empire?" Baratier replied, that he was not; on which the King ſaid, "Go and ſtudy it before you pretend to be learned." The young man, piqued at this reproof, went and applied

himſelf to the ſubject with ſo much diligence, that at the end of five months he publicly maintained a theſis upon it.

He continued to add new acquiſitions to his ſtore of learning, and to increaſe his reputation by new performances of conſiderable merit. In his nineteenth year he was buſily employed in collecting materials for a large work concerning the Ægyptian Antiquities: but his conſtitution naturally tender, and of courſe injured by too intenſe an application to ſtudy, began to give way, and his health to decline. Cough, ſpitting of blood, fever on the ſpirits, head-ache, pains in the ſtomach, and other complaints, ſeized him; and this ſurpriſing young man expired, after languiſhing ſeveral months, at Halle, October 5th, 1740, in the twentieth year of his age.

Baratier was not only maſter of ſeveral languages, but acquainted almoſt with every ſcience except that of phyſic, to which he had an utter averſion. His learning, though prodigiouſly extenſive, did not cramp his mind, or ſour his temper. On the contrary, he inquired into the opinions of writers with a free and an independent ſpirit; and his diſpoſition

was lively and pleaſant. He wrote with great elegance and dignity of ſtyle. He had a quickneſs of apprehenſion, and a great firmneſs of memory, which enabled him to read with incredible rapidity, and at the ſame time to retain what he had read. He read over, in one winter, twenty large folio volumes; and the catalogue of the books which he had borrowed, comprized forty-one quarto pages, cloſely written, and the titles abridged.

In common life he had ſome peculiarities, but no vices. He could neither bear muſic nor play. He indulged in no ſort of amuſement; nor was he fond of wine. He ate little fleſh, and lived almoſt entirely upon milk, tea, bread, fruits and ſweetmeats. His moral character was irreproachable; and he was a Chriſtian upon principle.

Interesting Description of Gems and Precious Stones.

CRYSTAL.

CRYSTAL is a perfectly colourleſs, tranſparent, and very hard ſtone, which generally grows from the rocks in

a pyramidal form, though it is ſometimes found to reſemble pebbles, as the Brazil pebble, &c.

AGATE.

Agate, which is for the moſt part opaque, and variegated in a curious and irregular manner, has alſo been ranked among precious ſtones, though it is perhaps too common a foſſil to merit the appellation.

JASPER.

Jaſper is found in the form of a flint or pebble; and, when wrought, appears of a beautiful green, ſometimes ſpotted with white clouds; but it is ſcarcely pellucid, unleſs when very thin.

EMERALD.

The emerald is ſometimes found in the ſhape of a pebble, and at others, like cryſtal; both ſorts, when poliſhed, apper of the fineſt green in all its different ſhades: thoſe of the pebble kind are very bright and tranſparent, but they are leſs gloſſy than the cryſtallines.

CARNELIAN.

The carnelian, ſarda, or ſardius, are all names of the ſame gem; which is found in the different ſhape of pebbles, and, when poliſhed, appears of a fleſh colour: though ſome carnelians are whitiſh, others blood-red, and ſome beautifully variegated, and veined with pale red and white.

ONYX.

The onyx is a precious ſtone, or gem, partly tranſparent, formed in zones about a central body, and is not inferior to other ſemi-opake gems, either in luſtre or brightneſs. The rings or zones add a diſcriminating beauty to this ſtone, which admits of a very high poliſh.

SARDONYX.

The ſardonyx is a ſemi-tranſparent gem, which partakes of the nature of the ſardius in its fleſh colour, and of the onyx in its zoned and tabulated form, being diſtinguiſhed into ſpecies, according to its great variety of tinges, zones, and other phenomena.

TOPAZ.

The topaz, which is always found in an oblong pebble form, was anciently called the chryſolite, becauſe of its golden colour, in which it excels every other gem; it has all the different tinges from deep to pale; and is eſteemed ſo valuable, that the Great Mogul poſſeſſes a ſingle topaz worth twenty thouſand pounds.

SAPHIRE.

The ſaphire is the moſt ſingular and beautiful of all gems; for its noble azure or ſky-coloured blue. Sapphires are ſometimes found in the ſhape of pebbles, and at others, in that of columnar cryſtals, with ſhort pyramidal tops; they are from the paleſt tinge of ſky-blue, to the deepeſt indigo. The pebble ſort, in particular, are exceedingly valuable.

RUBY.

The ruby is a beautiful gem, remarkable for its fine glowing red colour and hardneſs: it is always found in the ſhape of ſmall, oblong, flattiſh pebbles. A ruby of ten carats, if of the beſt ſort and colour, is worth upwards of two hundred guineas. Theſe gems have frequently ſo

perfect a native poliſh, as not to ſtand in need of the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance from the lapidary's art.

CARBUNCLE.

The carbuncle, ſo called, becauſe, when held up to the ſun, it reſembles, in colour, a glowing charcoal, is nothing more than a ſpecies of the ruby.

BERYL.

The beryl is a finer ſort of columnar cryſtal: it is, however, ſometimes found in pebbles, but it is then of an inferior quality; and is remarkable for a fine bluiſh green colour, which it never in the ſlighteſt degree loſes.

JACINTH.

The jacinth, or hyacinth, is a pellucid gem, of a red colour, with a mixture of yellow; and, like moſt other gems of this ſort, is found in the form of a pebble, or of columnar cryſtal, having a great variety in its tinges, from the colour of the ruby, to that of amber.

AMETHYST.

The amethyſt is a ſtone of a beautiful colour, being a mixture of red and blue,

comprehending all the degrees of a purple hue, and is found in the form of pebbles and cryſtal.

GARNET.

The garnet is a gem of a deep red colour, with a caſt of blue, but variable in its tinges, down to a fleſh colour. Though garnets are extremely ſubject to flaws and blemiſhes, they do not, like moſt other gems, loſe their colour in the fire. Garnets are always found in the pebble form.

DIAMOND.

The adamant or diamond, which is the principal of all precious ſtones, excels every other body in two eſſential qualities; firſt, in hardneſs; and ſecondly, in its power of refracting light. The diamond is incapable of being cut or poliſhed by any other ſubſtance, except its own when reduced to a fine powder; and it exceeds the power of refracting light in glaſs or cryſtal, nearly in the proportion of five to one and a half, or often to three. No wonder, then, that this aſtoniſhing power of refraction ſhould make it ſo brilliant and ſparkling, and that its manifeſt ſuperiority ſhould render it of ſuch prodigious

value. The Great Mogul is ſaid to be poſſeſſed of the largeſt diamond in the world, weighing two hundred and ſeventy-nine carats, or two ounces and a quarter, worth 779,244*l.* Diamonds are found in various forms of cryſtal and cryſtalline pebbles, with ſeveral irregular ſides or faces, which have often a native poliſh; and the heat of common fire has no effect on them. This moſt precious article is the produce of the Eaſt Indies, and other parts of the torrid zone.

There are many other ſtones of great note and uſe in medicine, arts, and trades; among which are the lapis lazuli, which is uſed to make that fineſt of all blue colours, called ultramarine; the turquoiſe ſtone, ſometimes, though improperly, reckoned a gem; and bismuth, and zinc, much uſed in ſoldering gold and ſilver.

Wisdom in Miniature.

USE not, needleſsly, learned or hard words: he that affects to be thought

learned, is like to be accounted a fool.

To be covetous of applauſe is a weakneſs ; and ſelf-conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

He that will take no advice, but be always his own counſellor, is ſure to have a fool often for his client.

Vice creepeth upon men under the name of virtue ; for covetouſneſs would be called frugality, and prodigality taketh to itſelf the name of bounty ; pride calls itſelf neatneſs, revenge ſeems like greatneſs of ſpirit, and cruelty exerciſeth its bitterneſs under the name of courage.

Young men, when they are once dyed in pleaſure and vanity, will ſcarcely take any other colour.

It is to affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs : nature, in her whole drama, never drew ſuch a part ; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making.

Affectation is to be always diſtinguiſhed from hypocriſy, as being the art of counterfeiting thoſe qualities which we might with innocence and ſafety be known to want. Hypocriſy is the neceſſary burden of villany. Affectation is part of the choſen trappings of folly.

The vanity of human life is like a river conſtantly paſſing away, and yet conſtantly coming on.

Thoſe whom their virtue reſtrains from deceiving others, are often diſpoſed by their vanity, to deceive themſelves.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools or inſtruments, like the fool that fancied he played upon the organ, when he only blew the bellows.

'Tis a ſilly conceit, that men without languages are alſo without underſtanding: it is apparent in all ages, that ſome ſuch have been even prodigies for ability; for it is not to be believed, that wiſdom ſpeaks to her diſciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

The pains we take in books or arts, which treat of things remote from the uſe of life, is a buſy idleneſs.

There is no neceſſity of being led through the ſeveral fields of knowledge: it will be ſufficient to gather ſome of the faireſt fruit from them all; and to lay up a ſtore of good ſenſe, ſound reaſon, and ſolid virtue.

A Story.

NINE tenths of the crimes, and almoſt all the follies that have been committed on the face of this earth from the creation, may originally be deduced not ſo much from a depravity of diſpoſition, not ſo much from the violence of temptation, not ſo much from the impetuoſity of paſſion, as from a ſimple volition of the human mind—its impatience under total vacuity. And nine tenths of the virtues which mankind have extolled as the offspring of a ſettled principle of integrity, are to be traced immediately to an occupied mind, which has no leiſure for obeying, courting, or even liſtening to the ſuggeſtions of ſeductive amuſement or criminal temptation.

The original ſource of theſe virtues indeed is a good principle; for it is that which ſtores the mind with more worthy matter, and leads it to more worthy purſuits; but much temptation is yielded to, or much would never aſſail us, in proportion to the preſence or abſence of mental or active occupation. When the tyrant of Syracuſe ſtated his fears to Plato, that he harboured revenge for the ſevere treatment he had experienced,

"I had no time," ſaid the ſage, "to think of diſlike; I have been engaged in philoſophy." Show me an idle man, and I will ſhow you a vicious one; that is, either a man guilty of actual crimes, or at leaſt guilty of one—a lazineſs which prevents him from the perpetration of them.

George and Frederick Reynolds were twins. They were ſimilar in features, and ſimilar in propenſities. Both were alike inclined to virtue, or rather both were, like "tender oſiers," formed to take the bent which any directing hand ſhould give them.

Their father died, and left his property, which was not inconſiderable, divided equally between them: ſo far they were equal. George, however, was the favourite of an aged uncle; and uncles, in their dotage, have ſometimes unwarrantable predilections. George was often ſent for from ſchool to amuſe his uncle: Frederick was ſtrictly kept to ſtudy, and acquired a taſte for reading: George acquired a diſreliſh for it.

Their uncle died, and left George his heir; George played, and trifled, and ran up and down, and did miſchief—did every thing, and was expert at every

thing, except at application. No one better at robbing an orchard, and no one better at a downright denial of it. No one better at climbing a tree for a bird's neſt; and no one better at cajoling his fellows out of their ſhare of plunder.

Why was not Frederick caught ſtealing and lying? Why was not Frederick beat by the gardener, or why did he not tumble down from the branch into the river? Not that he did not love fruit as well as his brother. What then is the ſecret? Frederick had another pleaſure, which George could not reliſh. He was reading all the while; and when the maſter beat George, and aſked his brother how it came that he was not of the party, he replied, without ſeeming to claim any merit, "Sir, I had ſomething elſe to employ me."

Both left ſchool, and both entered of the ſame college. While George went a-hunting, ſailing, ſhooting, Frederick read.—George got drunk, kicked up a riot, loſt his eye in the brawl, was obliged to pay a large ſum to an inhabitant of the town he had maimed for life; and, to crown all, was expelled.

"How can *you* keep yourſelf out of all theſe ſcrapes?" ſaid he to his brother, as

at parting he ſhook hands, and borrowed money of him.

"By having *ſomething elſe* to do," ſaid Frederick. George went into the army; and being a time of peace, was conſtantly engaged in diſſipation. An evening alone would have put him to the rack.—"He *had nothing elſe to do*," and was obliged therefore to go into company. His mind had no fund. He had no information. He had nothing elſe to ſay, and was forced to talk of eating, drinking, hunting, dreſſing, and gaiety. Sometimes he exhauſted theſe ſubjects, and ſometimes met people who did not care for them. On ſuch occaſions, not becauſe he had any malice, but that he might not be thought a dry fellow, for ſuch perſons he had another topic. He diſcuſſed living characters, knowing nothing of dead ones. He inadvertently ſaid, a certain colonel was a poltroon. The ſon of that colonel ſat oppoſite to him, by accident, at the meſs. The conſequence was a challenge. "How could you be ſo inconſiderate?" ſaid Frederick, who haſtened to counſel him. "There was a pauſe in converſation—one could not be ſilent, and that was the only thing that ſtruck me at the time."—"Were there

no other ſubjects to talk of?"—"That's the plague—I knew of none."—"Could you not have left ſuch a ſtupid party?"—"Was I to go and mope alone?—what do *you* talk about?—Poor, miſerable, unintereſting ſtuff, hiſtory, biography, travels, poetry."—"Perhaps I was reading theſe; perhaps muſing on them. But *you*, perhaps, may get yourſelf ſhot through the head, and a pretty epitaph you will deſerve:—'Here lies the man, who was ſhot for talking ill of his neighbours.—But, reader! remember he had no ill-will.—He made the obſervation which cauſed his death, only, becauſe—"He had nothing elſe to ſay."

George was adviſed by his more prudent brother to make an apology. He complied; was branded as a coward, and, to avoid inſult, was forced to reſign his commiſſion. He now frequented the faro-table, not that he liked the game, not that he wanted money; but for the old reaſon, to fill up a heavy hour.—George loſt and loſt, till he loſt all.—He borrowed of his brother, and loſt again.—"How can you return to that deteſtable place?" was Frederick's expreſſion in an affectionate letter which enclоſed 1000*l*. "How can you ſtill haunt

the gaming-table, when you ſay you have no taſte for ſuch a ruinous amuſement?"—"It was wrong, I confeſs," was the reply; "yet how can one help it, when one has no other way of killing time?" Having exhauſted his laſt ſupply, and being aſhamed to ſolicit his brother for any more, George was at length driven upon the highway. Fortune was unpropitious again. His piſtol ſnapt—he dropt it with trepidation, and was apprehended with the purſe in his poſſeſſion. Evidence glared againſt him; and George was caſt and condemned.

Meanwhile Frederick was the accompliſhed gentleman, courted for his talents, and reſpected for his virtues, crowned with honours, and rich in a fund which poverty itſelf could not deprive him of: talents, virtues, honours, and treaſures, which were all owing to the plan of mental improvement he had originally adopted, and ſedulouſly purſued.

By the influence of ſome friends, George was reſpited from time to time, and often communicated with his brother. "Did not I offer to ſhare with you," ſaid Frederick, "what I had left? Did I not tell you how little ſatisfied the

wants of the man whoſe pleaſure is literature? Why would you not retire with me to a rational life, improve your mind, and cultivate more commendable, not leſs perfect, delights?"

"Alas!" ſaid George, "it was too late; my mind was by that time vitiated and debaſed, my appetite was palled, and needed variety; I had no internal reſources; I was miſerable unleſs when engaged in diſſipation; and that retirement, which is your pureſt enjoyment, would have been to me a canker corroding the heart. But, oh! had I but followed your advice and your example, I then had not brought this ſorrow on my own head, and this ſhame upon yours."

"It is not yet too late," ſaid Frederick: "here is a reprieve."—The brothers ſunk into each other's arms; they mingled tears, and exchanged inviolable friendſhip; and George vowed an eternal renunciation of his follies and crimes. He kept his promiſe, and ſoon found it was never too late to taſte the pleaſures of the mind. He retired with Frederick far from his former idle and vicious companions. He was as yet but twenty-three years old. He was inſtructed and aſſiſted by his brother. They were

twins in their ſtudies, and twins in their hearts. George was never afterwards driven to the exclamation, "*Tædet cæli convexa tueri:*" and when, behind the curtain, he looked through the peep-holes at the world, at narratives of duels and drunken broils, at trials for robbery, injuſtice, and ſeduction, he perceived that the perpetrators, had they attended to the cultivation of their better part, would have "wanted but little here below," and would never have been involved in ſuch difficulties and misfortunes; in one word, would have poſſeſſed an ægis againſt temptation: "having ſomething elſe to do," than liſten to its ſolicitations.

To the riſing generation of both ſexes,
The Petition of a much-abuſed but very Innocent Perſon,

Humbly ſheweth,

THAT your unhappy petitioner, though much careſſed and generally acknowledged the moſt uſeful and valuable ſervant of mankind, is particularly by you, from giddineſs, want of attenti-

on, or improper direction, either ſhamefully neglected, or notoriouſly ill-uſed.

And though his competence to cultivate and improve your beſt faculties in the beſt manner, and for the beſt ends, be univerſally allowed and experienced, it is nevertheleſs aſtoniſhing to what purſuits of extreme inſignificance his indulgence is but too often miſapplied.

Many engage him for years together in rendering themſelves perfectly uſeleſs to every purpoſe of life, in deranging their heads and inflating their hearts, corrupting their minds and diſtorting their bodies, reducing themſelves from the ſcale of rational creatures to mere apes in a farce, or puppets on a wire.

Some make no other uſe of him than to get by rote a few articulate ſounds, to mouth hard words, to gabble the jargon of faſhion, to mimic the complaiſance of etiquette, to imbibe the looſe maxims of the world, ſpeak what they do not think, promiſe what they never mean to perform, and look one way while they row another.

Your petitioner has to ſtate with regret, that he is often uſed as a taliſman, to make black white, night day, and good evil, the law a nooſe, politics a trick, re-

ligion a jeſt, trade a plot, and life a tragedy.

He complains, that by his means the art is acquired of turning juſtice into ridicule, by the ſophiſtry and verſatility of pettifoggers; of making real piety obſolete and unacceptable, by the affected grimaces of hypocritical pretenders or weak enthuſiaſts; and every phyſical pretenſion equivocal and ſuſpicious, by the broad unqualified effrontery of quacks and mountebanks.

How often is he unable to do more for multitudes in the gayeſt circles, than aid them to ſhuffle and manage a pack of cards, to whiſper away the characters of the innocent and unſuſpecting, to ſit mum, and ſtare at each other in dumb-ſhow like pictures in a gallery, or goſſip nonſenſe by the hour, and call it polite converſation?

It grieves your petitioner, that he ſhould, on ſo many occaſions, be made acceſſary to the ſeduction of innocence, to public delinquency, profeſſional neglect, proſtituted genius, property diſſipated, talents unimproved, and opportunity loſt.

He knows of what importance he might be rendered in accompliſhing youth, and

endowing them with all proper qualifications, to benefit others and better themſelves, to do their duty to their country and ſociety, raiſe their own fortunes, augment the funds of human comfort, and extend their perſonal reputation.

And he would earneſtly impreſs you with the abſolute neceſſity of acting very differently towards him from numbers who have gone before you, who, taking advantage of his good-nature, have made themſelves a nuiſance rather than a bleſſing to ſociety, and who, therefore, are incapable of giving you advice except by contraſt.

You may not be aware, but it becomes him to intimate, that he is not unfrequently made the tool of his own deſtruction, and that in his very boſom are cheriſhed the artifices calculated to kill him; that thoſe who have moſt uſe for him uſe him worſt; and that he is never treated ſo ill as by ſuch as have the greateſt intereſt in treating him well.

He aſſures you no one can prepare you better for acting your reſpective parts honourable on the ſtage of life; that you never blunder but in conſequence of rejecting his counſel; and never ſucceed, either to your own ſatisfaction or that of

others, but in a conformity to his dictates, and the practice of his ſage precepts.

He is ſorry it is not more perfectly underſtood, how inſeparable your intereſt is from his, how much more precious he now is than ever he will be again, how eagerly you are inſtigated by every thing around you, the paſt, the preſent, and the future, to huſband aſſiduouſly his kind indulgence, and on no account to triſle with him, while ſo much in the humour of bleſſing you, and rendering you bleſſed; and how very happy they are who continue on friendly terms with him from the beginning to the end of their days, and can in every ſtage take a retroſpect on their intercourſe without a bluſh.

He will only further add, that theſe overtures cannot laſt for ever; that his patience, like the faculties of every mortal creature, has its limits; that once gone, he cannot be recalled; and that ſlighted, perverted, or flung away, he will only furniſh you with a ſource of endleſs and unavailing repentance.

Your petitioner, therefore, moſt earneſtly prays, that for your own comfort, and the proſperity of ſucceeding generations, you would maturely weigh theſe

conſiderations, and deviſe ſome means of providing for the ſafety, honour, and repoſe of an old well-meaning individual, nearly worn out in the ſervice of mankind, verging on his diſſolution, and uncertain how ſoon he may be ſuperſeded by one, who will never forget the injuries done his predeceſſor.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, ſhall pray for the increaſe of your happineſs, and rejoice in whatever promotes and confirms it to the end of TIME.

Modern Opinions on the Subſtance of the Sun.

THAT glorious luminary which gives light and heat to creation, ſince the beginning of time has been either the object of religious veneration, or of wonder and delight to the ſons of men. The ignorant ſavage frequently worſhips the ſun as the god of this lower world; the aſtronomer, from a contemplation of his effects, riſes to the Source of all; the great maſs of mankind, whether Chriſtians, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans,

enjoy his ſplendour and his warmth, without troubling themſelves about the ſubſtance of which he is compoſed.

The ruſtic, when he ſaw an aſtronomer levelling his teleſcope to the moon, happy in his own ignorance, juſtly obſerved, "that whatever might be ſeen or ſaid of that planet by the learned, they muſt ever be as far diſtant from it as he was." Yet let not this be conſtrued as tending to ridicule philoſophical inquiries. When purſued under the guidance of good principles, they cannot fail to render men more devout. But the diſcordant hypotheſes which aſtronomers form on ſubjects beyond the reach of human intelligence, ought to teach modeſty in argument, and diffidence in aſſertion.

The ſun was long ſuppoſed to be an immenſe globe of fire; but Herſchel, who has paid great attention to his ſpots, conſiders that luminary as ſimilar to the planets, and not a flaming orb. He calculates ſome of its mountains to be two hundred leagues in height. According to this aſtronomer, the atmoſphere of the ſun is compoſed of different elaſtic fluids, ſome of which are luminous or phoſphoric, others ſimply tranſparent. The former give the ſun the appearance of a maſs

of light or fire; while the latter being only tranſparent, ſuffer his body to be ſeen—hence the maculæ or ſpots. This able aſtronomer, farther conceives the ſun to be inhabited, as there is reaſon, from analogy, to ſuppoſe all the planets are.

On the other hand, Lalande, the beſt aſtronomer of France, thinks that the ſun is really a ſolid maſs; but that his ſurface and part of his body are compoſed of an incandeſcent fluid, which, by any movement, leaves uncovered ſometimes a portion of his body or his mountains; and theſe conſtitute his ſpots. While profeſſor Wilſon conſiders the ſpots of this luminary as eruptions or volcanoes.

All theſe opinions are ingenious; but who ſhall decide on their truth, or which ought to be adopted in preference to the reſt?

Cursory Thoughts on Life and Manners.

THE meaning of the word wit is very equivocal; it originally ſignified the powers of the underſtanding. In its preſent and moſt uſual ſignification, it

may be defined, an ingenious and apt remark, expreſſed in a quaint, energetic, conciſe, and pleaſant manner. This ſurely excludes the barefaced ribaldry and groſs buffoonery that commonly uſurp that name.

Nothing ſinks a perſon lower in the eſtimation of good men than ridicule, as nothing is a ſtronger ſymptom of a diſſembling heart: when directed toward proſperity, it is a light ſpecies of cruelty; but when launched at adverſity, it is keener than a dagger.

Affected people are unworthy of eſteem, becauſe they have no character of their own, and are incapable of confidence, for they ſhift it as the cameleon its hue; they are like mirrors, that reflect as eaſily the image of an aſs as of a man.

A parent would ruſh in the greateſt alarm after a child who was indiſcriminately eating wild fruits and berries, for fear it ſhould lay hold of a poiſon. How much greater care ought to be exerted in preventing an indiſcriminate uſe of books, leſt the morals ſhould imbibe a poiſon that will ſtamp the future character with irretrievable diſhonour!

All nations that have any ſenſe of a Supreme Being, venerate his name. The

Jews conſidered the name of Jehovah ineffable; their high prieſt, with trembling lips, pronounced it only once a year; and ſhall Chriſtians profane it daily and hourly?

Lord Cheſterfield ſays, a man may ſmile, but not laugh. What an arbitrary and abſurd reſtraint on a natural and innocent propenſity! Laughing cannot diſguſt a man of ſenſe, unleſs it be unſeaſonable or exceſſive. Figure to yourſelf a company diſtorting their faces with the moſt ridiculous grimaces, to ſmother a laugh. His lordſhip might as well have ſaid, a man may whimper, but not weep.

Nothing can be more cruel than to ſport with the infirmities of others. A dwarfiſh ſtature, a diſtorted ſpine, a deformed leg, or an ugly face, will be viewed by ſome with indecent mirth and unfeeling deriſion; but were ſuch to look into their own minds, the grand feature of their being, they would perhaps be ſo ſhocked with the view, that they would plead the cauſe of pity and generous ſympathy.

Flattery generally ſprings from timidity or intereſt: the former is the moſt

ſufferable, as it is not actuated by baſeneſs, but a weak conſciouſneſs of inferiority; the latter is an impudent circumvention.

Ridicule is a monſter engendered between an ape and an hyæna; it inherits the antic wiles of the former, with the fellneſs of the latter.

Charity is excellent when judiciouſly exerciſed; but it requires ſome ſkill to diſcriminate between real objects of diſtreſs and idle and diſhoneſt vagabonds. Ariſtotle ſays, young people are merciful to all, for they ſuppoſe all to be honeſter and better than they really are; they meaſure others by the ſtandard of their own innocence, therefore they judge that all who ſuffer adverſity, ſuffer unworthily.

Affecting Story of a Merchant and his Dog.

A FRENCH merchant having ſome money due from a correſpondent, ſet out on horſeback, accompanied by his dog, on purpoſe to receive it. Having ſettled the buſineſs to his ſatisfaction, he

tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his maſter's feelings, friſked round the horſe, barked, and jumped, and ſeemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding ſome miles, had occaſion to alight, and taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by his ſide under a hedge, and on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapſe of recollection, and, wiſhing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then haſted to his maſter, and by crying, barking, and howling, ſeemed to remind him of his miſtake. The merchant underſtood not his language; but the aſſiduous creature perſevered in his efforts, and after trying to ſtop the horſe in vain, at laſt began to bite his heels.

The merchant, abſorbed in ſome reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehenſion that he was gone mad. Full of this ſuſpicion, in croſſing a brook, he turned back to look if the animal would drink. It was too intent on its maſter's ſervice to

think of itſelf; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant; "it muſt be ſo, my poor dog is certainly mad: what muſt I do? I muſt kill him, leſt ſome greater misfortune befal me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to loſe; I myſelf may become the victim if I ſpare him."

With theſe words, he drew a piſtol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful ſervant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too ſure. The poor animal falls wounded; and weltering in his blood, ſtill endeavours to crawl towards his maſter, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the ſight; he ſpurred on his horſe with a heart full of ſorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had coſt him ſo dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to conſole himſelf with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by diſpatching a mad animal, than he had ſuffered a calamity by his loſs. This opiate to his wounded ſpirit was in-

effectual: "I am moſt unfortunate," ſaid he to himſelf; "I had almoſt rather have loſt my money than my dog." Saying this, he ſtretched out his hand to graſp his treaſure. It was miſſing; no bag was to be found. In an inſtant he opened his eyes to his raſhneſs and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my beſt and moſt faithful friend gave me, and I have ſacrificed him for his zeal. He only wiſhed to inform me of my miſtake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Inſtantly he turned his horſe, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had ſtopped. He ſaw with half-averted eyes the ſcene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppreſſed and diſtracted: but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be ſeen on the road. At laſt he arrived at the ſpot where he had alighted. But what were his ſenſations! His heart was ready to bleed; he curſed himſelf in the madneſs of deſpair. The poor dog, unable to follow his dear but cruel maſter, had determined to conſecrate his laſt moments to his ſervice. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the

forgotten bag, and, in the agonies of death, he lay watching beſide it. When he ſaw his maſter, he ſtill teſtified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to riſe, but his ſtrength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing faſt: even the careſſes of his maſter could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He ſtretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to ſeal forgiveneſs of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then caſt a look of kindneſs on his maſter, and cloſed his eyes for ever.

Superstition Outwitted.

IN a ſmall town of Pruſſian Sileſia there is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and conſiderably enriched with valuable oblations made by pious Roman Catholics, ſome of which were obſerved by the ſexton to diſappear, during the reign of Frederick the Great. The ſuſpicion fell on a ſoldier of the garriſon, who was conſtantly ſeen the firſt to come in, and the laſt to go out. One day he

was ſtopped juſt as he was ſetting his foot out of the gate; and being ſearched, two ſilver hearts that had been appended before the Virgin, were found in his pocket. The prieſts made a horrid outcry on the enormity of his crime, calling him a ſacrilegious man, an execrable villain, and a helliſh monſter! But he had the aſſurance to pretend that he had committed no robbery; affirming, that the Virgin, for whom he had ever profeſſed a peculiar devotion, moved by his poverty, had made him a preſent of the offerings. This excuſe, however, as may well be imagined, availed him nothing, and he was condemned to die as a church-robber. The ſentence being, as uſual, carried to the king for his approbation, his majeſty convened the chiefs of the Catholic clergy of Berlin, and put this queſtion to them: "Whether, according to the dogmatical tenets of their religion, there was any poſſibility in the ſtory of the ſoldier?" Upon which they all unanimouſly anſwered, that the event was indeed uncommon, but not abſolutely impoſſible: after which declaration, the king, with the keeneſt invective, and the moſt diſcriminating juſtice, gave the following deciſion: "The delinquent hav-

ing conſtantly denied the theft, and the divines of his perſuaſion atteſting that the prodigy wrought in his favour was not impoſſible, we think proper to ſave his life; but, at the ſame time, for the future, we make it death for him to receive any preſent of the Virgin Mary, or of any ſaint whatever. FREDERIC."

The Veneration for Antiquity Founded on Prejudice.

———Omnia fatis
In pejus ruere. VIRGIL.

HUMAN nature, the ſame now as of old, ſuffers no alteration in its adherence to particular fraiities, paſſions, and prejudices, handed down progreſſively from generation to generation. Among the variety of theſe which have poſſeſſed the human breaſt, that ardent love of antiquity which has ſo long exiſted, ſeems to hold a diſtinguiſhed place; and we may perceive, that a taſte of this kind has prevailed in almoſt all ages and na-

tions. Horace gives a ſtrong proof of this habit among the Romans in one of his ſatires, where he cenſures them for their ridiculous attachment to the writings of antiquity.

This prejudice leads men to look with contempt upon modern productions, however excellent; which would ſtifle the aſpirings of genius, were not its ſpirit unconquerable.

In bodily ſtrength, in ſimplicity of manners, in mental endowments, we think that the ancients were more excellent than ourſelves. We praiſe the conſtitutional energy of our anceſtors, and they praiſed that of theirs. What period ſhall we fix upon for that from which we have gradually dwindled? We ſuppoſe that the Greeks, in the days of Homer, were men of more athletic form and vigorous muſcle than are the modern race; yet we find Homer complaining of the degeneracy of thoſe times. We dwell with delight upon the ſimple and virtuous manners of our forefathers; they too looked back with the ſame partiality on remoter times. The days of Elizabeth of England are regarded by ſome with reverence; yet even then we find a writer (Hollingſhed) reprobating the luxury and degene-

rate ſtate of the preſent, and praiſing the paſt. Indeed, it would not be altogether unamuſing to ſpeculate, how good and great men muſt formerly have been, if it be true that the race has fallen off ſo much, and ſtill continues falling: thus, Le Sage make Gil Blas calculate how large peaches muſt have been, in times of old, if, according to the aſſertion of an old man, their ſize was leſſened every year.

In poetry, painting, and ſculpture, the ancients undoubtedly ſurpaſſed us. This is not to be wondered at, ſince, inſtead of copying models, they copied nature, which is always new. The ſame field, however, is open for our cultivation, and even in thoſe paths where they have been our precurſors, many reſearches ſtill remain to be made.

Upon the whole, we may ſafely conclude with Quintilian, "that the preſent times are not ſo debaſed, nor ſunk ſo low, but that ſome novelty, ſome excellence remains."

LIKE catterpillars, dangling under trees
By ſlender threads, and ſwinging in the breeze,
Which filthily bewray and ſore diſgrace
The boughs in which are bred th' unſeemly race;
While ev'ry worm induſtriouſly weaves
And winds his web about the rivell'd leaves;
So num'rous are the follies that annoy
The mind and heart of every ſprightly boy;
Imaginations noxious and perverſe,
Which admonition can alone diſperſe.
Th' encroaching nuiſance aſks a faithful hand,
Patient, affectionate, of high command,
To check the procreation of a breed
Sure to exhauſt the plant on which they feed.
'Tis not enough that Greek or Roman page,
At ſtated hours, his freakiſh thoughts engage;
Ev'n in his paſtimes he requires a friend
To warn, and teach him ſafely to unbend,
O'er all his pleaſures gently to preſide,
Watch his emotions, and control their tide;
And, levying thus, and with an eaſy ſway,
A tax of profit from his very play,
T' impreſs a value, not to be eras'd,
On moments ſquander'd elſe, and running all to waſte.
And ſeems it nothing in a father's eye
That unimprov'd thoſe many moments fly?
And is he well content his ſon ſhould find
No nouriſhment to feed his growing mind

But conjugated verbs and nouns declin'd ?
For ſuch is all the mental food purvey'd
By public hacknies in the ſchooling trade ;
Who feed a pupil's intellect with ſtore
Of ſyntax, truly, but with little more ;
Diſmiſs their cares when they diſmiſs their flock—
Machines themſelves, and govern'd by a clock.
Perhaps a father, bleſt with any brains,
Would deem it no abuſe, or waſte of pains,
T' improve this diet, at no great expenſe,
With ſav'ry truth and wholeſome common ſenſe ;
To lead his ſon, for proſpects of delight,
To ſome not ſteep, though philoſophic, height,
Thence to exhibit to his wond'ring eyes
Yon circling worlds, their diſtance, and their ſize,
The moons of Jove, and Saturn's belted ball,
And the harmonious order of them all ;
To ſhow him, in an inſect or a flow'r,
Such microſcopic proof of ſkill and pow'r,
As, hid from ages paſt, God now diſplays
To combat atheiſts with in modern days ;
To ſpread the earth before him, and commend,
With deſignation of the finger's end,
Its various parts to his attentive note,
Thus bringing home to him the moſt remote ;
To teach his heart to glow with gen'rous flame,
Caught from the deeds of men of ancient fame ;

And, more than all, with commendation due
To ſet ſome living worthy in his view,
Whoſe fair example may at once inſpire
A wiſh to copy what he muſt admire.
Such knowledge, gain'd betimes, and which appears,
Though ſolid, not too weighty for his years,
Sweet in itſelf, and not forbidding ſport,
When health demands it, of athletic ſort,
Would make him—what ſome lovely boys have been,
And more than one, perhaps, that I have ſeen—
An evidence and reprehenſion both
Of the mere ſchool-boy's lean and tardy growth. COWPER.

To-Morrow.

TO-MORROW didſt thou ſay!
Methought I heard Horatio ſay, To-morrow.
Go to; I will not hear of it.—To-morrow!
'Tis a ſharper, who ſtakes his penury
Againſt thy plenty—who takes thy ready caſh,
And pays thee nought but wiſhes, hopes, and promiſes,
The currency of idiots,—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the eaſy creditor!—To-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found

In all the hoary regiſters of time,
Unleſs perchance in the fool's calendar.
Wiſdom diſclaims the word, nor holds ſociety
With thoſe who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its father;
Wrought of ſuch ſtuff as dreams are; and baſeleſs
As the fantaſtic viſions of the evening.
But ſoft, my friend, arreſt the preſent moments;
For be aſſured, they are all arrant tell-tales;
And though their flight be ſilent, and their path
Trackleſs, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They poſt to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Becauſe, tho' ſtation'd on the important watch,
Thou like a ſleeping, faithleſs centinel,
Didſt let them paſs, unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou ſlumber'dſt on the guard,
Thou ſhalt be made to anſwer at the bar
For every fugitive: and when thou thus
Shalt ſtand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd juſtice, who ſhall tell thy audit!
Then ſtay the preſent inſtant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wiſdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious
Than all the crimſon treaſures of life's fountain.
Oh! let it not elude thy graſp, but like

The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel faſt, until he bleſs thee.

COTTON.

The Boatman.

I.

I Have long been a ſtranger to peace,
And ſorrow has long been my fare;
When, when ſhall my wanderings ceaſe?
Shall I ſtill be the ſon of deſpair?

II.

When I think on the hours that are flown,
On my hours of content and repoſe;
The thought but embitters the moan
That ſeeks ſome relief for my woes.

III.

The remembrance appears as a dream
Of my trim, and my ſoft-gliding wherry;
When I row'd with a heart like the ſtream
The traveller that croſs'd at my ferry.

IV.

My cottage romantic and wild,
The ſhade that at noon gave me reſt,
My wife and my ſweet-ſmiling child,
Now are daggers ſunk deep in my breaſt.

V.

In tranquillity bleſt thus a while,
From all evil I thought me ſecure;
But hope is a cheat and a wile,
To mock the forlorn and the poor.

VI.

One night—I ſtill weep at the thought—
The wind whiſtled ſurly and loud;
The ſtorm was the wreck of my boat,
And I only eſcap'd from the flood.

VII.

I eſcap'd,—but, alas! to what grief:—
Why, heaven! ſuch a wretch didſt thou ſave?
Why found not my ſorrows relief?
Why ſunk I not then in the wave?

VIII.

On the ſhore I ſat thoughtful and ſad,
When a flame ſtruck alarm and amaze;
I look'd, and the ſight drove me mad—
My cottage was all in a blaze.

IX.

I thought on thoſe dearer than life,
I call'd on them both by their names;
But my innocent babe and my wife
Periſh'd both in the mercileſs flames.

x.

I linger'd a while on the ſpot,
And gaz'd in the ſtupor of woe:
Then I fled from the ſight of my lot—
From remembrance I never can go.

xi.

Yet ere the dear ſcene I forſook,
I turn'd on the hill-top forlorn;
I turn'd to a dreadful laſt look,
And my heartſtrings with anguiſh were torn.

xii.

Now over my ſorrows I brood,
Through the world as deſpairing I roam;
Indiff'rent to evil or good,
Wiſhing nought but a grave and a home.

xiii.

It is not a lux'ry I want,
Relieve with a morſel my cry;
Only ſee me not ſtarve, and heaven grant
You may ne'er be ſo wretched as I.

Elegy on a Beautiful Cherry-Tree.

PRIDE of my garden! ornament of May!
Whoſe ſnowy top expanſive did adorn

The ſmiling ſcene, where oft I lov'd to ſtray,
And breathe the fragrance of the dewy morn;

What blaſt untimely laid thy beauties low,
And nipt the promiſe of ſucceeding years?
Did friend deluſive prove a latent foe,
And ſhow how falſe the hopes young fancy rears?

I vainly now to thy ſoft ſhade repair;
A melancholy waſte proclaims the ſpot,
Where late thy luſcious rubies flouriſh'd fair,
And charm'd the little prattlers of my cot.

Around thy graceful riſing ſtem no more
Shall my ſweet darlings join in ſportive play;
Bound, light as air, to catch thy pendent ſtore,
And with delight the roſy gift ſurvey.

No more, as May returns, the murmuring bee
With active hum ſhall toil around thy head,
Collect the golden ſtores ſupplied by thee,
Or for their infant charge prepare the bread:

Then as the ſun declines, with loaded thigh,
Well pleas'd to buſy buzzing hive repair;
Where, for the general weal, they live, they die,
And, with a mutual zeal, the labour ſhare.

No more ſhall Philomel, to charm the night,
Chooſe in thy tranquil ſhade her fav'rite ſeat;
Warble her penſive lays with fond delight,
And varied notes to lull the grove repeat:

No more the blackbird, borne on trembling wing,
Shall pluck thy tempting crimſon for his mate;
Or to entice his young thy nectar bring,
And ſee their pinions ſpread, with joy elate:

No more the robbin on thy branches reſt,
To chant his evening hymn with grateful heart;
No more from thence retiring ſeek his neſt,
Where looks of love the pureſt joy impart.

Nor ſhall the various ſongſters of the grove
To thy protecting arms again repair,
To tune the artleſs melody of love,
Which blithe and gay they carol free from care.

And I no more ſhall view thy vernal bloom,
Or with thy ripen'd beauties deck my board;
Or while keen winter howls o'er Nature's tomb,
Produce thy luſcious fruit by art well ſtor'd;

No more ſhall ſee each buſy tribe collect,
Or thou thy various bounties ſcatter round;
When with ſurpriſing art, they each ſelect
Their proper nutriment, inſtinctive found.

But why thy cruel fate ſhould I deplore?
Muſt not the poliſh'd mind, love, beauty, fall;
Grace the gay ſcenes they often charm'd no more,
But yield to deſtiny's relentleſs call?

E'en man, proud man! with youthful glory crown'd,
With laurels twin'd by Fame around his head;
For prudence, valour, wiſdom, truth renoun'd!
Is early mark'd to mingle with the dead!

E'en ſhe who mourns thy ſad untimely doom,
May ſoon require the tributary tear!
Soon be the ſilent tenant of the tomb!
For ever torn from thoſe ſhe holds ſo dear!

Yet may this moral leſſon ſtrike the mind:
That while we live we uſeful prove like thee;
And when our deſtin'd courſe is finiſh'd, find
That virtue leads to immortality.

Stothard. del.

Tanner. Sc.

The timorous hare,
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,
Scarce shuns me.

No. 2.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

"Of making many books there is no End."

THIS was the ſentiment of Solomon ſome thouſand years ago, when the making of books was a much more difficult buſineſs than it is now. He ſaid it I preſume in a moment of diſguſt, on account of the little good that was done by his writings; which, although they juſtly entitle him to the name of the wiſe man, yet moſt probably were not productive of the effects he wiſhed for. What a ſevere diſappointment muſt it be to a pious and benevolent mind, after, labouring long and earneſtly for the improvement and happineſs of his fellow-creatures, to find them totally diſregardleſs of his inſtructions; perhaps ſcarcely giving them a ſingle hearing, or if this is done, probably reading for the ſake of

criticiſm, or turning them into deriſion.

But let not the wiſe and the good be too much diſcouraged by the unfruitful effect of their labour, their pious works ſhall not wholly fail, for although they do not perceive any very ſenſible improvement amongſt their readers, though the miſer continues rooted to the earth, and the thoughtleſs ſtill appear floating in the air, yet the impreſſion is not loſt, "the nail is often drove in the ſure place," and the bread caſt on the waters is found after many days.

The very writings of Solomon have, notwithſtanding his diſcouragement, been bleſſed to many thouſands ſince his time, becauſe their tendency is, as he has forcibly and beautifully expreſſed it in the ſubſequent verſe, to teach men to "Fear God and keep his Commandments, for this is the whole duty of man."

And ſhould not this be the end of all writing.—But could we poſſibly take a view of the millions of books which have been written, how few will anſwer the deſcription. It is but too evident, that Mammon and Belial are the great objects of literary adoration.

For the making of money, and pampering the moſt debaſing appetites, are too generally the prevailing motives for the making of many books.

If thoſe who undertake the ſacred office of public teachers, feel their duties to be of the moſt ſolemn kind, what ſhould be the reflection of an author who undertakes to ſpread his opinions, not to a ſingle auditory, but to ſociety in general. Can we reſpect the man who labours merely to amuſe, that his work may ſell, who is continually "delving in Mammon's dirty mine;" who brings forth the trifling tale, the licentious novel, the dividing politics, or the unmeaning ſong, becauſe theſe ſuit the vitiated taſte of the reader, and fill the author's purſe, who perhaps fears to drive away his company by introducing the unfaſhionable advice of "fearing God and keeping his commandments." For were he to conduct his readers to this eſſential "*duty of man*," they would no longer have a taſte for the dangerous contents of modern publications, the "Study of which, would indeed prove to be a wearineſs of the fleſh."

A PHILADELPHIA LAY PREACHER.

"*Come my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field: let us lodge in the Villages.*"

THE hope of gain, and the love of ſociety, have now, for centuries, incited men to riſk many inconveniencies, for the ſake of congregating in cities. The ſimple would naturally conclude that where there was "much people" there would be much jollity. Deſperate adventurers, bringing their craft to market, would have nothing to loſe, and every thing to gain in the throng. Ambition would find, in every *street*, a ladder lofty enough to reach the extent of many a project; and Avarice could find no place more convenient to *drive* a bargain, than a frequented coffee-houſe, or an obſcure alley. Schemes of wealth and aggrandizement, or pleaſure, thus operating upon hope, the buſieſt and moſt ſanguine paſſion, ſhould we wonder to mark flocks of rovers, eager and upon the wing, expecting by a flight from the *country* to fly from themſelves?

But wiſely has the wiſe man ſaid, "Better is a handful with *quietness*, than

both hands full, with travail and vexation of ſpirit." Tranquility chooſes the country for her favourite reſidence, and ſhould you inquire for the peaceable perſonage in town, every cit would tell you he did not know her, and that ſhe muſt be ſome outlandiſh perſon. In cities I grant there are many *agitations*, which are dignified by the name of pleaſure, but they are a ſpurious brood, and felicity would not call them her own. The ſtreams of pleaſures in cities are like their common ſewers: they are turbid, they are full of taint. He who quaffs liberally muſt ſoon be either ſick or drunk; and ſuch morbid influence have they on the brain, that men go from them, like the apoſtle's gazer in the glaſs, "not knowing what manner of perſon they were."

They who wiſh never to be cloyed, to reſpire with freedom, to enjoy the pleaſure of reading and reflection, and to ſleep ſweetly, muſt *go forth into the field, and lodge in villages*. Allowing that there are ſome genuine delights in the thronged town, yet they tread too faſt on each other, and weary by conſtant ſucceſſion. A man will pray ſometimes no leſs fervently for a reſpite from pleaſure, than, in a fit of the gout, for a reſpite from pain.

The pleaſures of the country, pure, ſimple, not dazzling, not boiſterous, will gently ſtir the ſtream of life: a ſtream which paſſion ſhould not be ſuffered to vex into whirlpool, nor be "creamed over and mantled" by the ſtagnation of ſloth. To ſaunter along the banks of the brook, and allure the trout from his receſs, to crop the fantaſtic flowers of May, or the ſtrawberries of June, to climb the ſolemn mountain, or loiter in the valley's ſhade, are cheap and real pleaſures, make no man a criminal, and leave no ſting behind.

Such is the influence of the atmoſphere upon the human body, that even robuſt conſtitutions are ſenſible of the changes of the air, and invalids are "tremblingly alive" to them. A fluid, that, whether we are ſheltered at home, or expoſed abroad, we are obliged perpetually to dabble in, we ſhould attempt to find in the utmoſt purity. But in great towns, on the margin of the main, reeking with the putrefaction of its ſhores; in cities, whoſe ſtreets are defiled with frequent feet, and ſcorched by the dogſtar, where every tenth houſe is a hoſpital, it is not air which the ſallow inhabitants breathe, but "a maſs of offenſive things." Let

the chain that binds willing priſoners to the crowd be broken, let them "go forth to the field," and if the eaſy play of their lungs, and alertneſs of limbs; if the light ſlumber and the red cheek will not convince them whence the mighty change in their health has proceeded, they deſerve to die ſoon, and in ſome dirty lane, as a puniſhment for their incredulity.

Diſſipation being the characteriſtic of cities, to travel its round will require ſo much time that none will be left to cultivate the underſtanding, or mend the heart. Whatever ſome indolent fine ladies and fine gentlemen may ſuppoſe, we were not ſent into this world merely to go to aſſemblies, to ſaunter at ſhops, to purchaſe of milliners, or undergo the three hours operation of a barber. He, who wiſhes to read verſes, or write them, he who means to inſtruct others, or commune with himſelf, muſt ſeek the retirement of the "field" and the "village." In the city, protracted dinners and midnight revel will murder half, and more than the day, and the long repoſe of the morning will be neceſſary to repair the waſted ſpirit. In ſolitude, as there are few incidents to enchain the mind, and few exceſſes to debaſe it, the ſtudent

will bring a willing intellect to the complicated task, and from a pen put to a rural desk, all difficulty and hinderance will vanish away. He, who, in city, and broken slumbers, has a thousand times turned his pillow and himself, and, like Shakespeare's king, has muttered, "O partial sleep, how have I frighted thee," will find that if he would sleep soundly, he must "lodge in the village." That exercise which, in the country, is usually taken in the day, will induce that lassitude ever accompanied by delicious repose at night. He may be assured that, *at the close of the day, the hamlet is still;* no lumbering carts or chariots will banish his pleasant dreams, no outcry of midnight murder chill his palpitating heart; no noise will strike his ear, but the distant waterfall, and no fires glitter in his eye, but the innoxious one of the lucid insect of the meadows. At this genial period, when every June rose is broad blown, and the graniture of the fields is of the greenest hue, the emigrant from town, may, perhaps, find some amusement not inferior to gambling all night, tracing dusty streets, or visiting the sagacious dog. He will acknowledge the flavour of our strawberry equal to his

pine-apple, and the notes of the robin, and wren "of little quill," may ſooth him as much, and ſound as ſweet, as thoſe of the ſongſtreſs of the theatre.

FARMERS MUSEUM.

Anecdote of Dr. Fothergill.

A FEW years before the death of the above celebrated phyſician, a Cumberland gentleman, much addicted to the bottle, and poſſeſſed of few Chriſtian virtues, coming to town, applied to the Doctor for advice. Being introduced, the Doctor, who had ſome knowledge of his perſon, which, however, he choſe to conceal, enquired what was his ailment; to which the other replied, he was very well in health, eat well, drank well, and ſlept well; but wiſhed to know how he might be guarded againſt *ſudden ſnaps*. The venerable phyſician, feeling a ſupreme contempt for ſo diſſolute and abandoned a character, gave him a preſcription for his complaint in the following deſerved reproof;—"*Do juſtice, love mercy, walk humbly before thy God, and do not Snap the bottle too often.*"

The ſequel however, was, that ſome few years after, ſociety got rid of ſo obnoxious a member, by what he ſo impiouſly called a Sudden Snap, unregretted and unpitied.

Essay on Friendship.

THERE are few ſubjects which have been more written upon, and leſs underſtood, than that of Friendſhip. To follow the dictates of ſome, this virtue, inſtead of being the aſſwager of pain, becomes the ſource of every inconvenience. Such ſpeculatiſts, by expecting too much from friendſhip, diſſolve the connexion, and, by drawing the bands too cloſely, at length break them. Almoſt all our romance and novel-writers are of this kind; they perſuade us to friendſhips, which we find it impoſſible to ſuſtain to the laſt; ſo that this ſweetener of life, under proper regulations, is, by their means, rendered inacceſſible or uneaſy. It is certain, the beſt method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in ſome meaſure, make itſelf; a ſimilitude of minds or ſtudies, and even ſometimes a diverſity of

purſuits, will produce all the pleaſures that ariſe from it. The current of tenderneſs widens as it proceeds: and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good-nature for each other, when they were at firſt only in purſuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendſhip is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loſes its real name, and aſſumes the ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that thoſe who regularly undertake to cultivate friendſhip, find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings, which dependance gathers round us, is almoſt ever unfriendly; they ſecretly wiſh the term of their connexions more nearly equal; and, where they even have the moſt virtue, are prepared to reſerve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increaſing the obligations which are laid upon ſuch minds, only increaſe their burthen; they feel themſelves unable to repay the immenſity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent reſentment at the hand that is ſtretched out with offers of ſervice and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought every good was bought from riches; and as he was poſſeſſed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he reſolved to gather a circle of the beſt men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Muſidorus, with a mind juſt as fond of virtue, yet not leſs proud than his patron. His circumſtances, however, were ſuch as forced him to ſtoop to the good offices of his ſuperior, and he ſaw himſelf daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and proteſtations of friendſhip. Theſe, in the uſual courſe of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his eſteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the moſt trifling inſtances, and Plautinus had ſkill enough to obſerve the minuteſt actions of the man he wiſhed to make his friend. In theſe he ever found his aim diſappointed; for Muſidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, ſolicited by a variety of claims, could never think of beſtowing.

It may be eaſily ſuppoſed, that the reſerve of our poor proud man, was ſoon conſtrued into ingratitude; and ſuch, indeed, in the common acceptation of

the world it was. Wherever Muſidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was ſaid, and had ſtill the inſolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, juſtified his conduct. Plautinus, by miſplaced liberality, at length became poor; and it was then that Muſidorus firſt thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with aſſiduity; and by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that ſtate of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this ſtory, taken from modern life, I ſhall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—"Two Jewiſh ſoldiers, in the time of Veſpaſian, had made many campaigns together; and a participation of dangers, at length, bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers; they felt and fought for each other.—Their friendſhip might have continued, without interruption, till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who

headed a particular party of the Jewiſh male-contents.

From this moment their former love was converted into the moſt inveterate enmity. They attached themſelves to oppoſite factions, and fought each other's lives in the conflict of adverſe party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable ſpirit of averſion. At length, however that party of the Jews, to which the mean ſoldier belonged, joining with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. Hiſtory has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that ſuperb edifice. The Roman ſoldiers were gathered round it; the whole Temple was in flames, and thouſands were ſeen amidſt them, within its ſacred circuit. It was in this ſituation of things, that the now ſucceſsful ſoldier ſaw his former friend upon the battlement of the higheſt tower, looking round with horror, and juſt ready to be conſumed with flames. All his former tenderneſs now returned; he ſaw the man of his boſom juſt going to periſh; and, unable to withſtand the impulſe, he ran ſpreading his

arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find ſafety with him. The Centurian from above heard, and obeyed, and, caſting himſelf from the top of the tower, into his fellow-ſoldier's arms, both fell a ſacrifice on the ſpot; one being cruſhed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other daſhed to pieces by the greatneſs of his fall."

Filial Sensibility.

A YOUNG Gentleman, in the military Academy at Paris, eat nothing but ſoup and dry bread, and drank nothing but water. The Governor, attributing this ſingularity to ſome exceſs in devotion, reproved his pupil for it, who however continued the ſame regimen. The governor ſent for him again, and informed him that ſuch ſingularity was unbecoming him, and that he ought to conform to the rule of the Academy. He next endeavoured to learn the reaſon of his conduct; but as the youth could not be perſuaded to impart the ſecret, he

at laſt threatened to ſend him back to his family. This menace terrified him into an immediate explanation. "Sir," anſwered he, "in my father's houſe I eat nothing but black bread, and of that very little: here I have good ſoup, and excellent white bread, and may fare luxuriouſly. But I cannot perſuade myſelf to eat any thing elſe, when I conſider the ſituation in which I left my father and mother."—The Governor could not refrain from tears at this filial ſenſibility: "Your father," ſaid he, "has been in the army; has he no penſion?"—"No," replied the youth, "for twelve months paſt he has been ſoliciting one; but the want of money has obliged him to give up the purſuit, and rather than contract any debts at Verſailles, he has choſen a life of wretchedneſs in the country."—"Well," returned the Governor, "if the fact is as you repreſent it, I promiſe to obtain for him a penſion of 500 livres a year. And ſince your friends are in ſuch poor circumſtances, take theſe three louis d'ors for your pocket expences; and I will remit your father the firſt half year of his penſion in advance."—"Ah! Sir," anſwered the youth, "as you have the goodneſs to remit a ſum to

my father, I entreat you to add these three louis d'ors to it. Here I have every luxury I can wish for: they would be useless to me; but they would be of great service to my father for his other children."

The Grateful Scholars.

DUTY to parents and gratitude to Preceptors are virtues which no one was ever deficient in, who prospered and was happy. Yet we daily see children who are indifferent to their parent's peace; and neglectful of those who have laboured to instruct them.

But can the most ignorant suppose, that the small pittance which a master receives for his faithful attention to form the youthful mind is a compensation for his care? And does not this second parent, if he has done his duty, deserve something from the soil which he has cultivated?

I will suppose that want of reflection, more than want of gratitude, often occasions the neglect of tutors, which no be-

nevolent heart could think of being guilty of without a bluſh. Selfiſh as the world is, there are principles of goodneſs in the human ſoul, that only want to be awakened to diſplay their amiable ſenſibilities. The ſimple narration I have to read is not the fiction of imagination. May it teach others to know what they ought to imitate and avoid!

During a long and active life, *Saville* had trained up numbers in the precepts of virtue and good learning. He had exhauſted, without enriching himſelf; and, on the verge of the grave, he ſcarcely knew where to find a refuge from the ſtorm.

Neceſſity (and how bitter the neceſſity muſt be, every cultivated taſte may judge) drove him to apply for relief to thoſe who had once been under his protection, had eat at his table, and ſlept under his roof, during that happy period when hope is young, and the days are unclouded with reflection.—Some had forgot his perſon—others had forgot themſelves. Notwithſtanding the philanthropy of Saville's heart, he began to believe the old adage, "that ſervices done to the young and the old are equally uſeleſs, as the one forget

them, and the other live not long enough to repay them." His delicacy would not ſuffer him to make many trials of ſuch ingratitude. He was ready to ſink under his misfortunes. Chance, however, directed him to two brothers, who, in conſequence of his care in their early youth, and their own diligent exertions in maturer years, had obtained a competence in foreign lands, and were returned to ſpend it with honour in their own. Theſe, inſtead of turning their backs on his diſtreſs, invited him in the moſt cordial manner to ſpend the remainder of his days with them. It would have ſhewn pride rather than humility in his ſituation not to have accepted ſuch a diſintereſted offer. His days, indeed, were few, after he found this aſylum; but they were cloſed in comfort; and his former pupils, having loſt their own, bewailed this ſecond parent with tears of grateful remembrance, and inſcribed their ſorrows on his tomb.

On an Inquisitive Disposition; or, the Contrast.

NATURE ſpreads her volume before us; Art every where exhibits her productions, and Knowledge invites us to her haunts by unerring indications of the road. Why comes it then that there are ſo many who are totally ignorant of the economy of nature, unacquainted with the principles of art, and blind to the allurements of knowledge? It cannot be for want of opportunity; for we cannot change the ſcene a ſingle ſtep, we cannot caſt our eyes around us, but ſomething new demands our attention, and ſolicits our regard. The fact is, either indolence or incurioſity is the ſource of our ignorance; and while we give way to the former, or are lulled into indifference by the latter, all advantages are uſeleſs, and even reaſon is given in vain.

There were two children whom I ſhall name HENRY and FRANCES, who, from the firſt dawn of opening intellect, diſcovered the moſt oppoſite turns of mind in

regard to what fell under their notice; and the event confirms my position.

Henry was often indulged in a walk or a ride with his father; but no object, however new or curious, seemed to excite his curiosity. He indeed gazed with momentary wonder, but never gave himself the trouble to ask a single question respecting what he did not understand. If his father wished to explain to him any phenomenon in nature, any work of ingenuity, or any appearance which could not escape his observation, he seemed to listen, indeed, because he knew it was respectful; but he never availed himself of the opportunity that was offered him of procuring satisfactory information. In a word, he led a kind of vegetable life, and when he grew up was as completely ignorant of every thing around him, as if he had been bred a Hottentot, and was as unqualified to join in any rational discussion.

Frances, on the other hand, though she had fewer opportunities of making observations, never let one slip without improvement. When in the company of her mother, she frequently puzzled her by the pertinent questions she put to her; and when she could not obtain the expla-

nations she wanted at the moment, it was her constant care to refer every thing about which she was in doubt to her father; and frequently was she seen tumbling over books in the study, to endeavour to pick out the knowledge she wanted, when she was afraid her inquisitiveness might give trouble or offence. By the time she was fifteen, she was a prodigy of intelligence—could talk with the naturalist, and even puzzle the mechanic. She could name every plant that was cultivated in the garden, or grew spontaneously in the vicinity; she was acquainted with the qualities of most animals, and in no branch of science was she wholly ignorant. Reader! whoever you are, if you copy Henry's indolent and incurious disposition, you will be alike ignorant; but if, in imitation of Frances, you solicit information from the wise and the aged, or trace knowledge in the page of the learned, you will store your mind with useful facts, never feel the vacuity of leisure or solitude, and be able to support a respectable character in rational society.

How many thousand things are to be learned which it does not fall within the plan of the most liberal education to teach!

and how are youth to know them but by aſking queſtions of thoſe who are capable of communicating information, and removing doubts and miſconceptions ? Never, therefore, be aſhamed to aſk what is proper to be known ; nor think it betrays ignorance to confeſs that you are ſenſible of your preſent deficiencies in knowledge.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Evening Reflections.

THE voice of experience ſhould ever command attention from the young and giddy—let the juvenile reader then liſten for a moment to the few obſervations I will make on the dangerous and faſcinating practice of gambling. Youth is the ſeaſon when the mind receives impreſſions with the greateſt facility. The ſpring time of life is the moſt critical period of our exiſtence ; the paſſions then prevail with greater violence, than when the principles of mankind have been confirm-

ed and made permanent, by the combined operation of reaſon and experience. Pleaſure diſplays her gaudy attractions in the moſt alluring colours, and employs all her art, to ſeduce the innocent mind from the path of rectitude, into the intricate labyrinth of vice and error. Let the young turn a deaf ear to her flattering voice, or they will doom themſelves to endleſs miſery and wretchedneſs. Gaming is a vice which infuſes its pernicious influence, under the ſpecious mark of innocent amuſement. Its hold upon the mind is not eaſily ſhaken off. From playing cards, or the various ſpecies of gaming, merely for paſtime, a youth gradually proceeds to play for money. His allowance is not ſufficient to make up his loſſes, and he naturally recurs to diſhoneſt means, to procure enough to compenſate for his deficiency. Thus, he who would have ſhuddered at the idea of committing a crime, is gradually led to think it a pardonable and trifling offence. The precepts I would inculcate, will perhaps have more influence over the youthful reader, if aided by demonſtration. Liſten then to a brief ſtory, which will evince the neceſſity of avoiding ſo deteſtable, and wicked a practice.

Charles Thornhill was a young man in the bloom of life, and bleſſed with affectionate parents, but their indulgence gave him an opportunity of falling into company unſuitable for him. One evening he was perſuaded, contrary to his own opinion, to engage in a game of cards. They played for nothing, and he thought there could ſurely be no great harm in that. By degrees he took a greater intereſt in the game, and when they ceased playing, he went home with the perſuaſion that it was a very agreeable and innocent way of paſſing time. The ſucceeding evening he entered the ſame company, and began to play with more eagerneſs than before. It was then agreed that they ſhould play for a ſmall ſum. He came away ſucceſsful. Again, and again, he engaged in the ſame employment, and each time for a larger ſum, as he was ſo lucky as to be able to ſtake more from the ſum he had won. It was not long that he was ſo ſucceſsful, in a ſhort time he found himſelf without a cent. His fondneſs for gaming increaſed every time he played, and tho' he loſt conſiderably, yet through the too great indulgence of his father, he was ſupplied with more, and attributed his loſſes merely to fortune, which would ſoon be

more favourable. He was deceived, played deeply, and when his father refuſed to ſupply his extravagance, he took the deſperate and wicked deſign of robbing him! Thus innured to vice, he continued his mad career till he was detected. His father and mother, wounded to the ſoul by his conduct, ſunk to the grave with hearts broken by his vicious behaviour. In ſhort, unable to ſhake off his infatuation, he continued his career, till he was ruined, and finally died in a jail.

Take warning my young friends by his example, and ſhun gaming as you would deſtruction: the one is the inevitable conſequence of the other. SENEX.

Revenge.

It is commonly ſaid, "revenge is ſweet," but ſurely it can only be ſo to thoſe weak minds who are incapable of ſupporting an injury. Revenge is the vice of fools. An elevated mind is ſuperior to injuries, and pardons them.

*Natural History.**

Natural Hiſtory is a ſtudy particularly ſuited to children: it cultivates their talents for obſervation, applies to objects within their reach, and to objects which are every day intereſting to them."

Edgeworth, on Practical Education.

Class I. Mammalia.

LINNÆUS divides mammalious animals, or *such as suckle their young*, into ſeven orders, which are chiefly regulated by the number and ſituation of the teeth.

Before we enter, however, on individual deſcriptions, it may be requiſite to give a general view of quadrupeds, which will ſhew the economy of nature in regard to this intereſting claſs of animals, and the marked ſuperiority which, as men, we poſſeſs over them all.

* It is intended to continue this ſubject, in the future numbers of the Juvenile Magazine, ſo as to give a conciſe ſyſtem of Natural Hiſtory.

A comparative view of the various claſſes in animated nature will ſufficiently evince, that quadrupeds rank next to ourſelves. The ſimilitude between their ſtructure and our own, particularly in the ape race, their inſtincts, which in ſome kinds approach to the reaſoning faculty, their ability to render us eſſential ſervice, or their power to injure us, all conſpire to render them prominent objects of our curioſity and regard.

Formed in general for gathering up their food from the ground, the heads of quadrupeds are perfectly ſuited to their way of living, while their teeth are accurately framed for the nature of their aliment. This will be perceptible in the granivorous and carnivorous kinds: in the one, the teeth ſerve as inſtruments to comminute their food; in the other, as inſtruments of defence or annoyance. But it is not only one or two members of quadrupeds that are thus happily adjuſted to their purſuits or wants; the farther we carry our attention to the peculiarities of their conformation, the more ſenſible ſhall we be of the wiſdom that has formed their parts for the reſpective neceſſities and enjoyments incident to their nature.

Whichever way we turn our view, we

ſhall find new ſubjects for our admiration and thankfulneſs. The larger quadrupeds are formed in general for an inoffenſive life, or are ſubſervient to the rule of man; the ſmaller, if miſchievous, are happily limited in their powers of annoyance by their want of courage or of ſtrength. Were the elephant and the rhinoceros as noxious as the tiger or the rat, how much would mankind have to apprehend from their magnitude and phyſical energies! But, happily for us, and for the inoffenſive order of animals, the moſt ſavage are limited in number, and the reſt are either timid or irreſolute, unleſs when impelled by hunger, truſting in general rather to cunning than to force.

The arts of thoſe that purſue, however, are not more various than the ſubtle ſhifts of their prey to eſcape deſtruction; and, were it otherwiſe, the feeble race of animals would ſoon ceaſe to exiſt, and the more ferocious would be compelled to prey upon each other, till they were utterly exterminated alſo.

The lion, the tiger, and other predaceous animals, ſeldom come abroad during the day, but truſt to the night for getting a ſupply of food. Thus man,

who uſes the interval of darkneſs as a ſeaſon of repoſe, is not obnoxious to their attacks, and thoſe creatures, which are the object of their purſuit, either find ſafety by flight, or ſhelter and protection by ſagacity. Some place a centinel to warn them of approaching danger, and relieve each other in that ſtation by turns; others form a phalanx for their mutual ſecurity, and in the union of numbers find a means to counterbalance the aſſaults of individual ſtrength.

Wild animals generally ſeek the moſt ſequeſtered retreats, and ſhun the preſence of man, who thus reigns undiſputed lord of this nether world; the weaker fly to him for protection, and he knows how to tame the moſt ferocious. He deſtroys or ſaves, as ſuits his convenience or his will; his ſuperior power creates a deſert, or peoples a wilderneſs with paſſive and obedient ſlaves.

Animals in a ſavage ſtate are ſubject to few alterations, but continue for ages the ſame in ſize, ſhape, and colour. Yet no ſooner are they ſubdued and taken under the care of man, than their figure, and even their very nature, is gradually changed. A domeſtic animal, in particular, is humble, patient, and reſigned;

it chearfully fills up the duties of its ſtation; it is not averſe to labour, and is ſatisfied with ſubſiſtence.

In the horſe, the dog, and the cow, we perceive a number of varieties which have been ingrafted on one parent ſtock by cultivation. Even the very appetites and habitudes of quadrupeds undergo a change by the effects of human ingenuity. They may be taught to live on food, which in a ſtate of nature they would reject, and to perform labours that not only evince docility but ſagacity, and a deſire to pleaſe.

On the other hand, ſome animals altogether loſe even their natural inſtincts in the ſecurity of man. In thoſe ſolitudes where they are ſeldom diſturbed, beavers poſſeſs abundant ingenuity, and live in a ſtate of ſocial order; but let man intrude, and their ingenuity dies away, or is not exerted; and their union is partially diſſolved.

Next to human controul, the climate ſeems to have the moſt powerful influence on quadrupeds, in augmenting or diminiſhing their ſize, and in varying their colours or their coverings. Providence in its wiſdom has furniſhed the animals of cold countries with long warm

hair; remove them to warm latitudes, and it becomes ſhort and thin: again, tranſplant the natives of the tropics to the hyperborean regions, and they ſpeedily aſſume a dreſs adapted to the rigours of their ſituation.

The influence of climate is likewiſe very pereeptible on the diſpoſition and character. Under the line and near the pole quadrupeds are fierce and untractable; in temperate latitudes they are generally docile and mild. Has not the climate a moſt potent effect on man alſo? Are not the perfection of the human form, the beauty of the human face, the ſublimities of genius, and perhaps the beſt virtues of the heart, more or leſs affected by ſituation? External impreſſions ſeem to be ſenſibly felt throughout all the regions of nature; and both rational and irrational beings muſt ſubmit to their influence. We ſhall conclude this curſory review of quadrupeds by a general remark, that animals are more prolific in proportion to their ſmaller ſize. Providence has wiſely balanced the ſtrength of the great againſt the fecundity of the little, that no ſpecies may be entirely extinguiſhed, and that man may enjoy all

the advantages which can be derived from the uſeful, without being too much annoyed by the formidable qualities of his terreſtrial companions.

The origin of several valuable Discoveries.

GLASS.

IT is certain, ſays Pliny, that the moſt valuable diſcoveries have found their origin in the moſt trivial accidents. "As ſome merchants were carrying nitre, they ſtopt near a river which iſſues from Mount Carmel, and not happening to find ſtones for the purpoſe of reſting their kettles upon, they ſubſtituted in their place ſome pieces of the nitre, which the fire gradually diſſolving, mixed with the ſand, and occaſioned a tranſparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing elſe but glaſs."

BARK.

AN Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the ſide of a river, for the purpoſe of quench-

ing his thirſt, conceiving him incurable, drank large and copious draughts of the ſtream, which, having imbibed the virtues of the bark from the trees which grew upon its margin, ſoon vanquiſhed the fever, and he returned to his aſtoniſhed friends perfectly reſtored.

The ſingularity of the circumſtance excited their ſurpriſe, and waked their ſuperſtion; the indiſpoſed crowded round the holy ſtream, as they termed it, and experienced its healing effects, without being able to diſcover the cauſe from which it was derived. The ſages of the tribes, however, found out, at length in what it conſiſted, and diſcloſed the important ſecret. In the year 1640, the Americans became acquainted with the uſe of this excellent medicine; and, in 1649, its fame had extended into Spain, Italy, and Rome, through the repreſentation of cardinal Lugo, and other jeſuits, who had beheld its ſurpriſing and wonderful effects.

TELESCOPES.

It is ſaid that the uſe of teleſcopes was firſt diſcovered by one Hanſen, a ſpectacle-maker, at Middleburgh in Holland, whoſe children, playing in the ſhop, ca-

ſually placed a convex and concave glaſs in ſuch a manner, that, by looking through them at the weather-cock, they obſerved it appeared much larger and nearer than uſual, and, by their expreſſions of ſurpriſe, excited the attention of their father, who ſoon obtained great credit for this uſeful diſcovery.

COFFEE.

A PRIOR belonging to a monaſtery in that part of Arabia where this berry grows in the greateſt abundance, having obſerved that the goats which ate it, became extremely briſk and alert, reſolved to try the experiment upon his monks, of whom he continually complained for their lethargic propenſities. The experiment proved ſucceſsful; and it is ſaid, that it is owing to this circumſtance, that the uſe of this Arabian berry became univerſal.

STEERING SHIPS.

HEYLIN, in his Coſmography, tells us that the art of ſteering was diſcovered by a man of the name of Typhis, who took his hints for making both the rudder

and helm, from ſeeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her *tail.*

THE PURPLE-DYE.

THE purple-dye was found out at Tyre, by the ſimple circumſtance of a dog ſeizing the fiſh conchilis or purpura, by which his lips were obſerved to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

THE PENDULUM.

IT is ſaid, that Galileo accidentally fixing his eyes on the waving to and fro of a lamp ſuſpended from the roof of a lofty building, had the firſt idea of a pendulum ſuggeſted to his mind.

Anecdote of Mr. Locke.

MR. Locke, having been introduced by Lord Shaftſbury to the Duke of Buckingham and Lord Halifax; theſe three noblemen, inſtead of converſing with the philoſopher, as might naturally have been expected, on literary ſubjects, in a very ſhort time ſat down to cards.

Mr. Locke, after looking on for ſome time, pulled out his pocket-book, and began to write with great attention. One of the company, obſerving this, took the liberty of aſking him what he was writing.

"I am endeavouring," ſays Locke, "as far as poſſible, to profit by my preſent ſituation; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in company with the greateſt geniuſes of the age, I thought I could do nothing better than to write down your converſation; and indeed, I have ſet down the ſubſtance of what you have ſaid for this hour or two."

This well-timed ridicule had its deſired effect; fully ſenſible of its force, they immediately quitted their play, and entered into a converſation more rational, and better ſuited to the dignity of their characters.

Description of the Mammoth.

[From Jefferſon's Notes on Virginia.]

OUR quadrupeds have been moſtly deſcribed by Linnæus and Monſ.

de Buffon. Of theſe the mammoth, or big buffalo, as called by the Indians, muſt certainly have been the largeſt. Their tradition is, that he was carnivorous, and ſtill exiſts in the northern parts of America. A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having viſited the governor of Virginia, during the revolution, on matters of buſineſs, after theſe had been diſcuſſed and ſettled in council, the governor aſked them ſome queſtions relative to their country, and among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whoſe bones were found at the Salt-licks on the Ohio. Their chief ſpeaker immediately put himſelf into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp ſuited to what he conceived the elevation of his ſubject, informed him that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, "That in ancient times a herd of theſe tremendous animals came to the Big-bone licks, and began an univerſal deſtruction of the bear, deer, elks, buffaloes, and other animals which had been created for the uſe of the Indians: that the Great Man above, looking down and ſeeing this, was ſo enraged, that he ſeized his lightning, deſcended on the earth, ſeated himſelf on a neighbouring moun-

tain, on a rock of which his ſeat and the print of his feet are ſtill to be ſeen, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were ſlaughtered, except the big bull, who preſenting his forehead to the ſhafts, ſhook them off as they fell; but miſſing one at length, it wounded him in the ſide; whereon, ſpringing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabaſh; the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day." It is well known, that on the Ohio, and in many parts of America further north, tuſks, grinders, and ſkeletons of unparalelled magnitude, are found in great numbers, ſome lying on the ſurface of the earth, and ſome a little below it. A Mr. Stanley, taken priſoner by the Indians near the mouth of the Teneſſee, relates, that after being transferred through ſeveral tribes, from one to another, he was at length carried over the mountains weſt of the Miſſouri to a river which runs weſtwardly: that theſe bones abounded there and that the natives deſcribed to him the animal to which they belonged as ſtill exiſting in the northern parts of their country; from which deſcription he judged it to be an elephant. Bones of the ſame kind have been lately

found, ſome feet below the ſurface of the earth, in ſalines opened on the North Holſton, a branch of the Teniſſee, about the latitude of 36½° north. From the accounts publiſhed in Europe, I ſuppoſe it to be decided, that theſe are of the ſame kind with thoſe found in Siberia. Inſtances are mentioned of like animal remains found in the more ſouthern climates of both hemiſpheres; but they are either ſo looſely mentioned as to leave a doubt of the fact, ſo inaccurately deſcribed as not to authorize the claſſing them with the great northern bones, or ſo rare as to found a ſuſpicion that they have been carried thither as curioſities from more northern regions. So that on the whole there ſeem to be no certain veſtiges of the exiſtence of this animal further ſouth than the ſalines laſt mentioned. It is remarkable that the tuſks and ſkeletons have been aſcribed by the naturaliſts of Europe to the elephent, while the grinders have been given to the hippopotamus, or river horſe. Yet it is acknowledged, that the tuſks and ſkeletons are much larger than thoſe of the elephant, and the grinders many times greater than thoſe of the hippopotamus, and eſſentially different in form. Wherever

theſe grinders are found, there alſo we find the tuſks and ſkeleton; but no ſkeleton of the hippopotamus nor grinders of the elephant. It will not be ſaid that the hippopotamus and elephant came always to the ſame ſpot, the former, to depoſit his grinders, and the latter his tuſks and ſkeleton. For what became of the parts not depoſited there? We muſt agree then that theſe remains belong to each other, that they are of one and the ſame animal, that this was not a hippopotamus, becauſe the hippopotamus had no tuſks nor ſuch a frame, and becauſe the grinders differ in their ſize as well as in the number and form of their points. That it was not an elephant, I think aſcertained by proofs equally deciſive. I will not avail myſelf of the authority of the celebrated* anatomiſt, who, from an examination of the form and ſtructure of the tuſks, has declared they were eſſentially different from thoſe of the elephant; becauſe another† anatomiſt, equally celebrated, has declared, on a like examination, that they are preciſely the ſame. Between two ſuch authorities I will ſuppoſe this circumſtance equivocal. But, 1.

* Hunter.

† D'Aubenton.

The ſkeleton of the mammoth (for ſo the incognitum has been called) beſpeaks an animal of five or ſix times the cubit volume of the elephant, as Monſ. de Buffon has admitted. 2. The grinders are five times as large, are ſquare, and the grinding ſurface ſtudded with four or five rows of blunt points: whereas thoſe of the elephant are broad and thin, and their grinding ſurface flat. 3. I have never heard an inſtance, and ſuppoſe there has been none, of the grinder of an elephant, being found in America. 4. From the known temperature and conſtitution of the elephant he could never have exiſted in thoſe regions where the remains of the mammoth have been found. The elephant is a native only of the torrid zone and its vicinities: if, with the aſſiſtance of warm apartments and warm clothing, he has been preſerved in life in the temperate climates of Europe, it has only been for a ſmall portion of what would have been his natural period, and no inſtance of his multiplication in them has ever been known.

A complete skeleton of this enormous quadruped, has been lately discovered in the state of New York, and is now in the possession of C. W. Peale, proprietor of the Philadelphia Museum.

A short account of the Lakes, with an estimate of the number of acres of water within the territory of the United States.

	Acres.
Lake Superior,	21,952,780
Lake of the Woods,	1,133,800
Lake Rain, &c.	165,200
Red Lake,	551,000
Lake Michigan,	10,368,000
Bay Puan,	1,216,000
Lake Huron,	5,009,920
Lake St. Clair,	89,500
Lake Erie,	2,662,800
Sundry ſmall lakes and rivers,	301,000
Lake Ontario,	2,390,000
Lake Champlaine,	500,000
Cheſapeak Bay,	1,700,000
Albemarle Bay,	330,000
Delaware Bay,	630,000
All the rivers within the thirteen States, including the Ohio,	2,000,000
Total,	51,000,000

THERE is nothing in other parts of the globe, which reſembles the

prodigious chain of lakes in this part of the world. They may properly be termed inland ſeas of freſh water; and even thoſe of the ſecond or third claſs in magnitude, are of larger circuit than the greateſt lake in the eaſtern continent. Some of the moſt northern lakes belonging to the United States, have never been ſurveyed, or even viſited till lately by white people; of courſe we have no deſcription of them which can be relied on as accurate. Others have been partially ſurveyed, and their relative ſituation determined. The beſt account of them which we have been able to procure is as follows:

The Lake of the Woods, the moſt northern in the United States, is ſo called from the large quantities of wood growing on its banks; ſuch as oaks, pines, firs, ſpruce, &c. Its length from eaſt to weſt is ſaid to be about ſeventy miles, and in ſome places it is forty miles wide.

Rainy, or Long Lake, lies eaſt of the Lake of the Woods, and is ſaid to be nearly an hundred miles long, and in no part more than twenty miles wide.

Eaſtward of this lake, lie ſeveral ſmall ones, which extend in a ſtring to the great carrying place, and thence into Lake Superior.

Lake Superior, formerly termed the Upper Lake, from its northern ſituation, is ſo called from its magnitude, it being the largeſt on the continent. It may juſtly be termed the Caſpian of America, and is ſuppoſed to be the largeſt body of freſh water on the globe. According to the French charts, it is 1500 miles in circumference. A great part of the coaſt is bounded by rocks and uneven ground. The water is pure and tranſparent, and appears generally, throughout the lake, to lie upon a bed of huge rocks. It has been remarked, in regard to the waters of this lake, with how much truth I pretend not to ſay, that although their ſurface, during the heat of ſummer, is impregnated with no ſmall degree of warmth, yet on letting down a cup to the depth of about a fathom, the water drawn from thence is cool and refreſhing.

Though Lake Superior is ſupplied by nearly forty rivers, many of which are large, yet it does not appear that one

tenth part of the waters which are conveyed into it by theſe rivers is diſcharged by the Strait of St. Marie. Such a ſuperabundance of water can be diſpoſed of only by evaporation.

Lake Huron, into which you enter through the Straits of St. Marie, is next in magnitude to Lake Superior. It lies between 43°30′ and 46°30′ of north latitude, and between ſix and eight degrees weſt longitude. Its circumference is about one thouſand miles.

Michigan Lake lies between latitude 42° 10′ and 46° 30′ north; and between 11° and 13° weſt long. from Philadelphia. Its computed length is 280 miles, from north to ſouth; its breadth from 60 to 70 miles. It is navigable for ſhipping of any burthen; and at the north eaſtern part communicates with Lake Huron, by a ſtraight ſix miles broad, on the ſouth ſide of which ſtands fort Michillimakkinak, which is the name of the ſtrait.

Lake St. Clair lies about half way between Lake Huron and Lake Erie, and is about ninety miles in circumference. It receives the waters of the three great lakes Superior, Michigan and Huron,

and diſcharges them through the river or ſtraight, called Detroit, (or the Strait) into Lake Erie. This lake is of an oval form, and navigable for large veſſels. The fort of Detroit is ſituated on the weſtern bank of the river of the ſame name, about nine miles below Lake St. Clair. The ſettlements are extended on both ſides of the ſtrait or river for many miles towards Lake Erie, and ſome few above the fort.

Lake Erie is ſituated between forty-one and forty-three degrees of north latitude, and between 3° 40′ and 8° weſt longitude. It is nearly three hundred miles long, from eaſt to weſt, and about forty in its broadeſt part.

Lake Ontario is ſituated between forty-three and forty-five degrees north latitude, and between one and five degrees weſt longitude. Its form is nearly oval. Its greateſt length is from ſouthweſt to northeaſt, and its circumference about ſix hundred miles. It abounds with fiſh of an excellent flavour, among which are the Oſwego baſs, weighing three or four pounds.

About 8 miles from the weſt end of Lake Ontario, is a curious cavern, which

the Meſſiſaugas Indians call *Manito' ah wigwam*, or *houſe of the Devil.* The mountains which border on the lake, at this place, break off abruptly, and form a precipice of 200 feet perpendicular deſcent; at the bottom of which the cavern begins. The firſt opening is large enough for three men conveniently to walk abreaſt. It continues of this bigneſs for 70 yards in a horizontal direction. Then it falls almoſt perpendicularly 50 yards, which may be deſcended by irregular ſteps from one to four feet diſtant from each other. It then continues 40 yards, horizontally, at the end of which is another perpendicular deſcent, down which there are no ſteps. The cold here is intenſe. In ſpring and autumn, there are, once in about a week, exploſions from this cavern, which ſhake the ground for ſixteen miles round.

Lake Champlaine is next in ſize to Lake Ontario, and lies nearly eaſt from it, forming a part of the dividing line between the State of New York and the State of Vermont. It took its name from a French Governor, whoſe name was Champlaine, who was drowned in it.

Lake George lies to the ſouthward of Champlaine, and is a moſt clear, beautiful collection of water, 36 miles long, and from 1 to 7 miles wide. It emboſoms more than 200 iſlands, ſome ſay 365; very few of which, are any thing more than barren rock, covered with heath, and a few cedar, ſpruce and hemlock trees and ſhrubs, and abundance of rattle-ſnakes.

Anecdote of a Negro.

A NEGRO who had become bankrupt, ſurrendered himſelf to his creditor, who, according to the eſtabliſhed cuſtom of the country in ſuch caſes, ſold him to the Danes. Before the departure of the veſſel to the Weſt Indies, the ſon of this man came to him on ſhipboard. After the tendereſt effuſions of ſenſibility on both ſides, the ſon reſpectfully reproached the father for not having made uſe of the power the law gave him, of ſelling his children for paying his debts; and demanded with great earneſtneſs, to be allowed to take his place:

but the father not leſs generous than the ſon, having refuſed to agree to this exchange, the ſon applied to the owner of the ſlave, and had no difficulty in perſuading him, that a young robuſt perſon was better able to bear the fatigue, than a man already advanced in years. This offer was accepted; the ſon was put in chains, and the father, in ſpite of himſelf, not being able to prevent it, was ſet at liberty. Mr. Iſert having been witneſs to this generous conteſt, was ſo affected by it, as to repreſent it to the governor, who, moved by the ſtory, ſent for the owner of the ſlaves, paid out of his own pocket the money he had given for the old man, and reſtored the ſon to his father.

Thoſe who wiſh to degrade human nature, and vilify the works of God, muſt often meet with facts which contradict their *hypothesis*. God made man upright; and there are traces of the original propenſity of the human mind to beneficence and kindneſs, in all nations, and among every people. Whoever attempts to inculcate an oppoſite doctrine, is guilty of treaſon,—not againſt the king,—not againſt the nation, but againſt the Majeſty of human nature.

Botanic Scrap.

THE fell Silene,* and her ſiſters fair,
Skill'd in deſtruction, ſpread the viſc'ous ſnare.
Go, ſeek your gilded mates and infant hives,
Nor taſte the honey purchas'd with your lives!
If with ſoft words, ſweet bluſhes, nods and ſmiles,
The *three* dread Syrens lure you to their toils,
Limed by their art, in vain you point your ſtings,
In vain the efforts of your whirring wings!—
The harlot-band *ten* lofty bravoes ſcreen,
And, frowning, guard the magic nets unſeen.
Haſte, glittering nations, tenants of the air,
Oh, ſteer from hence your viewleſs courſe afar!

* Silene or Catchfly. Three females and ten males inhabit each flower; the viſcous material, which ſurrounds the ſtalks under the flowers of this plant, and of the Cucubalus Otites, is a curious contrivance to prevent various inſects from plundering the honey, or devouring the ſeed. In the Dionæa Muſcipula there is a ſtill more wonderful contrivance

to prevent the depredations of inſects: the leaves are armed with long teeth, like the antennæ of inſects, and lie ſpread upon the ground round the ſtem; and are ſo irritable, that when an inſect creeps upon them, they fold up, and cruſh or pierce it to death. The laſt profeſſor Linnæus, in his Supplementum Plantarum, gives the following account of the Arum Muſcivorum. The flower has the ſmell of carrion; by which the flies are invited to lay their eggs in the chamber of the flower, but in vain endeavour to eſcape, being prevented by the hairs pointing inwards; and thus periſh in the flower, whence its name of fly-eater.

DR. DARWIN.

It cannot be.

A LINEN draper advertiſing his ſtock to be ſold under prime coſt, a neighbour of his obſerved that it was impoſſible to ſell it under prime coſt, *for he never paid a farthing for it himſelf.*

The Amateur : No. I.

CUSTOM, which is often referred to as the ſtandard of propriety, has eſtabliſhed certain ceremonials, to which every periodical eſſayeſt muſt conform himſelf, who wiſhes for an eaſy introduction to the public. It is common for an author of this ſort to point out, in his firſt paper, thoſe accidents or deſigns which induced him to take up the pen; in doing which, he will not find it a difficult tranſition, to glide into a hiſtory of himſelf.

In delineating his own life, he will find numberleſs opportunities of ſtriking the hearts and imaginations of his readers. If his diſtreſſes have been numerous or remarkable, he will have before him a ſubject the moſt impreſſive, upon which the nobleſt efforts of his genius, and the moſt artful powers of his mind may be ſucceſsfully employed. Sufferings, however inferior in their kind, have an irreſiſtable attraction, when they come recommended to us by ſo intereſting an object as the ſufferer himſelf; more eſpe-

cially if he tells his ſtory with feeling and elegance. Our ſympathy faſtens us, by its ſtrongeſt ties, to ſuch a character, and we become attached to him, "for the dangers he has paſſed."

If, inſtead of melancholy ſcenes, his days have been marked with bright and proſperous events; if, inſtead of an outcaſt, he has been a favourite of fortune, our imaginations are entranced by the magic of his pencil, and we are ſurpriſed into that delight, which it is natural for us to feel, on viewing the happineſs of others.

Beſides theſe reaſons for laying before the public, the prominent incidents in his life, there is another, which is, perhaps, entitled to an equal authority. They, whom we entruſt with whatever is moſt dear and intereſting to us, are apt to feel flattered by our attention, and obliged by our confidence. They feel, as it were, a party concerned in every thing upon which our reputation or felicity is ſuſpended; conſidering it their duty to prevent, if poſſible, our failure; and their right to ſhare with us the joy of our ſucceſs.

A writer has, therefore, gained an important point when he has conciliated

the good wiſhes of his readers. He is ſure of, at leaſt, their candour, if not their partiality; and though they may poſſeſs too much correct criticiſm to overlook groſs defects, yet the occaſional, though unfrequent, occurrence of a beauty, will, be accepted by them as an apology for many blemiſhes.

The manner in which the ſmiles of the public may be ſecured, has already been mentioned, and the reaſons upon which the purpoſed manner is built, have been diſcloſed. It may not be ſuperfluous to add, that very much depends upon the nature of the firſt impreſſion we receive. If it be highly agreeable, our favourable prejudices are ever after devoted to it; if, on the contrary, it be highly diſagreeable, no ſubſequent improvement which the object may attain, will be ſufficient to deſtroy entirely the opinion we have firſt imbibed. Nothing can be clearer than this propoſition. It has not only logic, but experience for its ſupport.

From the above remarks it may fairly be concluded, that, unleſs the firſt effort of a writer be ſucceſsful, he had better lay aſide his pen; more eſpecially, if he hopes for the applauſe of the age in which he lives. Men refuſe their admiration

to the moſt perfect productions of that genius, the birth, the gradual improvement, and the maturity of which have paſſed under their obſervation. Hence the almoſt religious homage which is paid to works of antiquity. Age conſecrates thoſe things upon which it operates, and renders them venerable.

After indulging myſelf thus long upon the importance of making the firſt impreſſions agreeable; and, of courſe, when applied to an author, of giving his firſt work the beſt poliſh of his genius, my readers have a right to expect from me, ſome great exertions to the obtaining ſo deſirable an end; and, conſidering the means which I have recommended, ſome laboured narrative of complicated diſtreſs, or romantic happineſs may be looked for. Thoſe who entertain ſuch expectations, it will be neceſſary to inform, that my life is deſignated by ſuch a dull uniformity as to preclude the poſſibility of gratifying them. As a kind of ſubſtiture, however, I hope they will accept of the following ſketch, which from the circumſtance of its having been drawn by myſelf, may not be ſo accurate as if delineated by a leſs intereſted artiſt.

An early, and almoſt conſtant, attention to books of ſentiment and imagination, has given my mind ſomewhat a romantic turn; for which reaſon it delights to indulge itſelf in ſpeculations participating of the gay and the melancholy. This diſpoſition, which is too ſtrongly confirmed to ſhake off, I deem the capital misfortune of my life, as it has detached me from thoſe buſy ſcenes, in which induſtry and ambition have gathered their rewards. Though a ſtranger to wealth or to fame, and, occaſionally, to the pleaſures reſulting from them, I cannot ſay that my days have paſſed entirely without happineſs. From the ſtudy of human nature, I have reapt many hours of the pureſt enjoyment, and derived a kind of knowledge that muſt neceſſarily be uſeful in the profeſſion of an author.

Thus much reſpecting myſelf, I ſubmit to the candour of my readers. So far as a courſe of ſtudies and a temper of mind can enable them to judge of the qualifications of a writer, ſo far have they a right to judge of the qualification of the AMATEUR. So much he promiſes them with confidence, that his page will never be proſtituted to indelicacy or to party

zeal. Obſcene thoughts and expreſſions diſgrace the meaneſt work, becauſe they are ſuperfluous; and politics and religion, however dignified, have a ſufficient range in the pulpit and in the Senate.

The ſubjects which I ſhall ſelect for the AMATEUR, will be of a kind, too humble to excite the violence of paſſion, or the enthuſiaſm of prejudice. Their object will be to afford the innocent recreation of a half hour, to thoſe minds which are not above being amuſed by literary trifles. At any rate, I am not ambitious to be noticed by the too faſtidious, or the too indifferent, reader. It is the middle character alone to whom I devote my labours: he, who poſſeſſing diſcernments to detect faults, has candour to acknowledge excellencies. But the applauſe of the virtuous, would be the higheſt poſſible gratification to which I can look forward. The conſciouſneſs of having added one mite to the little ſtock of happineſs which belongs to virtue, would not only make my life glide along more ſweetly, but would furniſh an ample reward for the ſeverity of my literary labours.

NATIONAL ÆGIS.

A Rural Scene, from "Cowper's Task."

(With an Elegant Engraving.)

HERE, unmoleſted, through whatever Sign
The ſun proceeds, I wander. Neither miſt,
Nor freezing ſky nor ſultry, checking me,
Nor ſtranger intermeddling with my joy.
Ev'n in the ſpring and play-time of the year,
That calls th' unwonted villager abroad
With all her little ones, a ſportive train,
To gather king-cups in the yellow mead,
And prink their hair with daiſies, or to pick
A cheap but wholeſome ſallad from the brook,
Theſe ſhades are all my own. The tim'rous hare,
Grown ſo familiar with her frequent gueſt,
Scarce ſhuns me; and the ſtock-dove, unalarm'd,
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor ſuſpends
His long love-ditty for my near approach.
Drawn from his refuge in ſome lonely elm
That age or injury has hollow'd deep,
Where, on his bed of wool and matted leaves,

He has outſlept the winter, ventures forth
To friſk awhile, and baſk in the warm ſun,
The ſquirrel, flippant, pert, and full of play:
He ſees me, and at once, ſwift as a bird,
Aſcends the neighb'ring beach; there whiſks his bruſh,
And perks his ears, and ſtamps and cries aloud,
With all the prettineſs of feign'd alarm,
And anger inſignificantly fierce.

The heart is hard in nature, and unfit
For human fellowſhip, as being void
Of ſympathy, and therefore dead alike
To love and friendſhip both, that is not pleas'd
With ſight of animals enjoying life,
Nor feels their happineſs augment his own.
The bounding fawn, that darts acroſs the glade
When none purſues, through mere delight of heart,
And ſpirits buoyant with exceſs of glee;
The horſe as wanton, and almoſt as fleet,
That ſkims the ſpacious meadow at full ſpeed,
Then ſtops and ſnorts, and, throwing high his heels,
Starts to the voluntary race again;
The very kine that gambol at high noon,
The total herd receiving firſt from one
That leads the dance a ſummons to be gay,
Though wild their ſtrange vagaries, and uncouth
Their efforts, yet reſolv'd with one conſent

To give ſuch act and utt'rance as they may
To ecſtaſy too big to be ſuppreſs'd—
Theſe, and a thouſand images of bliſs,
With which kind nature graces ev'ry ſcene
Where cruel man defeats not her deſign,
Impart to the benevolent, who wiſh
All that are capable of pleaſure pleas'd,
A far ſuperior happineſs to their's,
The comfort of a reaſonable joy.

A Summer Evening.

HOW fine has the day been, how bright was the ſun,
How lovely and joyful the courſe that he run,
Tho' he roſe in a miſt when his race he begun,
And there follow'd ſome droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller's come to the weſt,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are beſt;
He paints the ſky gay as he ſinks to his reſt,
And foretells a bright riſing again.

Juſt ſuch is the Chriſtian: his courſe he begins,
Like the ſun in a miſt, while he mourns for his ſins,
And melts into tears: then he breaks out and ſhines,
And travels his heavenly way;

But when he comes nearer to finiſh his race,
Like a fine ſetting-ſun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a ſure hope at the end of his days,
Of riſing in brighter array.

Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

[In the Zoonomia of Dr. DARWIN, among various inſtances recorded by that philoſophical phyſician of what he calls maniacal hallucination, or mental deluſion, is the caſe of a young farmer of Warwickſhire, whoſe ſtory was well authenticated in the public papers of the time. A poor elderly woman in his neighbourhood was in the habit, urged by the pinching neceſſities of an inclement winter, of taking a few ſticks from his grounds and his hedge, to preſerve the fading fire in her forlorn cottage. Suſpecting the delinquent, the hard hearted hind watched and detected her. After wrenching from her the ſcanty faggot, blows and reproaches ſucceeded. Struck with the miſery of her ſituation, and the cruelty of her oppreſſor, ſhe kneeled, and rearing her withered hands to the cold moon, prayed that "he might never again know the bleſſing of warmth." The conſciouſneſs

of wrong, the ſolemnity of the hour, the pathetic tone, "ſharp miſery," and impaſſioned geſture of the miſerable matron, at once extinguiſhed the dim reaſon of the ruſtic. He immediately complained of a preternatural chillneſs, was continually calling for more fire and clothes, and conceived himſelf to be in a freezing ſtate, till the time of his death, which happened ſhortly after. On this ſingular ſtory, the admirable author of "Lyrical Ballads," a very new collection of Poems, has founded the following ballad, which is in the genuine ſpirit of ancient Engliſh ſong, and ſhews, by proof irrefragable, that ſimplicity and the language of ordinary life may be connected with the moſt exquiſite poetry. No man, who has a ſoul alive to the high enthuſiaſm of poetry can read, without emotion and tears, the following beautiful ſpecimen of the magic of the bard.

FARMERS MUSEUM.

Goody Blake and Harry Gill, a True Story.

OH! what's the matter? what's the matter?
What is't that ails young Harry Gill?
That ever more his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter ſtill.

Of waiſtcoats Harry had no lack,
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to ſmother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the ſame with Harry Gill;
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter ſtill.

At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the ſame with Harry Gill;
Beneath the ſun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter ſtill.

Young Harry was a luſty drover,
And who ſo ſtout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.

Auld Goody Blake was old and poor.
Ill fed ſhe was, and thinly clad;
And any man that paſs'd her door,
Might ſee how poor a hut ſhe had.

All day ſhe ſpun in her poor dwelling,
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle light.

—This woman dwelt in Dorſetſhire,
Her hut was on a cold hill ſide,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the ſame fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one ſmall cottage,
But ſhe, poor woman, dwelt alone.

'Twas well enough when ſummer came,
The long, warm, lightſome ſummer day,
Then at her door the canty dame
Would ſit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our ſtreams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would ſhake!
You would have ſaid if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.

Her evenings then were dull and dead;
Sad caſe it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold, ſleep not a wink.

O joy for her! whene'er in winter,
The winds at night had made a rout,
And ſcatter'd many a luſty ſplinter,
And many a rotten bough about.

Yet never had ſhe, well or ſick,
As every man who knew her ſays,
A pile before hand, wood or ſtick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now when the froſt was paſt enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could any thing be more alluring,
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?

And now and then it muſt be ſaid,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To ſeek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long ſuſpected
This treſpaſs of old Goody Blake,
And vow'd that ſhe ſhould be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.

And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there at night in froſt and ſnow,
He watch'd to ſeize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry ſtand ;
The moon was full and ſhining clearly,
And criſp with froſt the ſtubble land.

—He hears a noiſe—he's all awake—
Again ;—on tiptoe down the hill
He ſoftly creeps—'Tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her ;
Stick after ſtick did Goody pull,
He ſtood behind a buſh of elder,
Till ſhe had fill'd her apron full.

When with her load ſhe turn'd about,
The bye road back again to take,
He ſtarted forward with a ſhout,
And ſprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her faſt,
And fiercely by the arm he ſhook her,
And cried, " I've caught you then at laſt !"

Then Goody, who had nothing ſaid,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And kneeling on the ſticks, ſhe pray'd,
To God that is the judge of all.

She pray'd, her wither'd hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
" God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm !"

The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what ſhe had ſaid,
And icy cold he turn'd away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was ſorrow,
Alas that day for Harry Gill!

That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thurſday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a uſeleſs matter,
And blankets were about him pinn'd:
Yet ſtill his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a looſe caſement in the wind.

And Harry's fleſh it fell away;
And all who ſee him ſay 'tis plain,
That live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
A bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himſelf he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

A bed or up, by night or day;
His teeth they chatter, chatter ſtill,
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

In the very large and moſt valuable collection of trees and plants, in the gardens of Charles White, Eſq. at Sale near Mancheſter, is a plant named by Linnæus, Fothergillia; near this is a handſome ſtone, on which the following copy of verſes is inſcribed, written by John Aikin, M. D.

To the Memory of John Fothergill, M. D. F. R. S.

"O FRIEND of human kind, benignant ſage!
Whoſe clear ſagacious thought has often quell'd
The rage of dire diſeaſe; whoſe ample mind
Drew its rich ſtores from Nature's genuine ſource;
May grateful Medicine, ſorrowing for her loſs,
Thy memory ever cheriſh; may thy name
From Nature's votary call the tender ſigh,
As muſing 'mid thy favourite plants he roves."

The Drum.

I HATE the Drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To thoughtleſs youth it pleaſure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields;
To ſell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms;
And when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that Drum's diſcordant ſound,
Parading round, and round, and round:
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd ſwains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widow's tears, and orphans moans;
And all that Miſery's hand beſtows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

Review of School and Juvenile Publications.

*The Canary Bird: a moral Story. Interspersed with Poetry.**

THOUGH the author of this ſmall volume has previouſly written ſeveral with the ſame benevolent deſign of recommending and enforcing kindneſs to animals, the ſubject is by no means exhauſted, and we wiſh him to proceed in the ſame laudable career.

Independently, however, of the humane principles he uniformly wiſhes to inculcate on the minds of young people, he has much merit for giving an accurate outline of the natural hiſtory of each animal he has made the ſubject of his volumes. This is no trivial advantage; it promotes a taſte for further inquiry into the delightful field of nature, and it fixes the impreſſions irreſiſtibly on the heart. When we have only a confuſed idea of the object, it is impoſſible that it can gain ſo

* *Lately published and sold, by B. & J. Johnson, Philadelphia. Price* 18¾ *cts.*

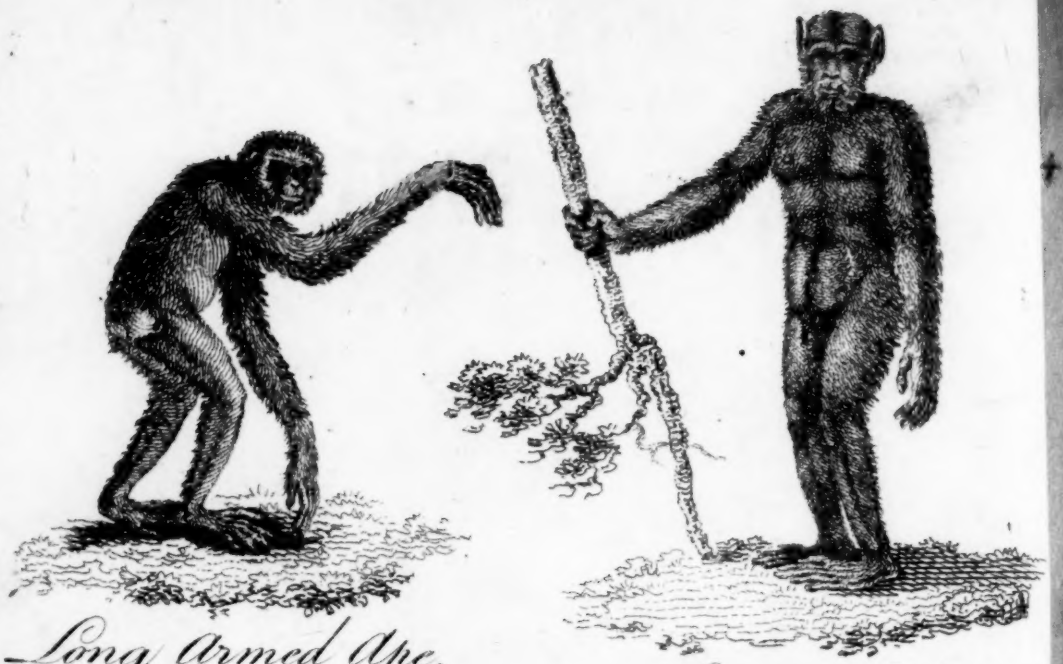
ſtrongly on the affections, as when we are acquainted with its habits and qualities.

Some of the verſes are not deſtitute of beauty or feeling. When the Canary-bird, after various adventures, finds himſelf reſtored to his miſtreſs, and perched in his own cage, he is ſuppoſed to recite the following ſtanzas:

"Through ſhady groves, through flowery fields,
I've prov'd the joys that nature yields:
But abſent thou, forlorn I ſtray;
I ſcarcely heed the beauteous way;
For thou not there, ah! what to me,
With Mira may compared be?
Not ſhady groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the joys that nature yields!

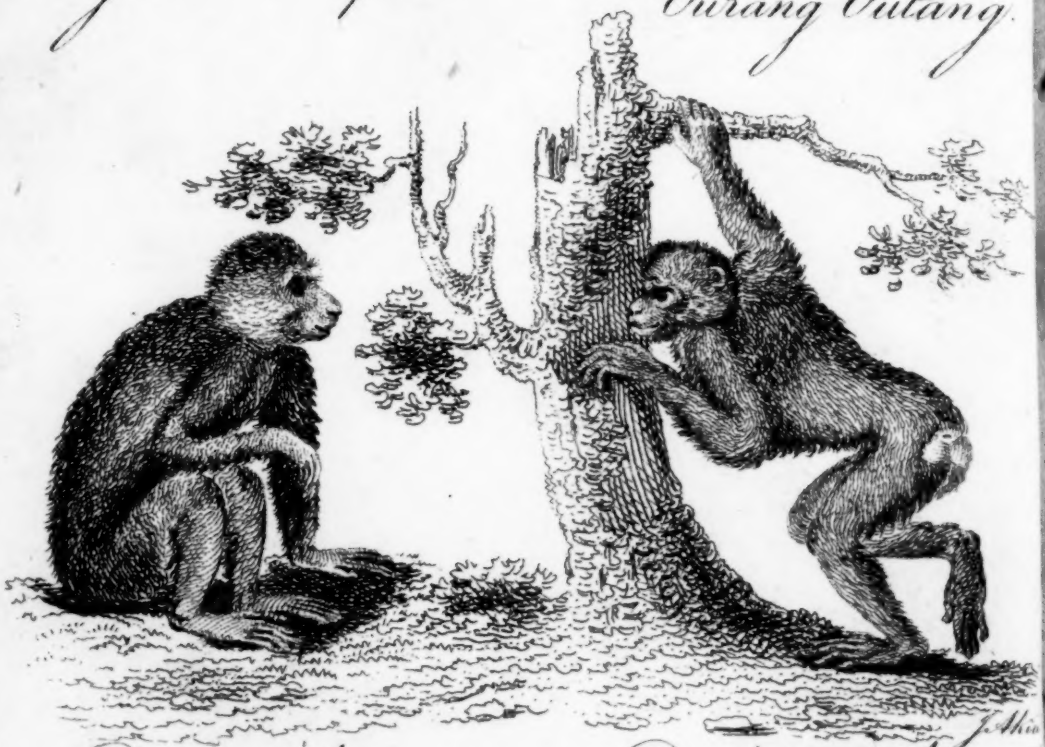
"Sweet is the woodbine's honied breath,
And ſweet the many-bloſſom'd heath;
Sweet the lark's carol; ſweet the ſong
That floats the evening breeze along:
Bleſt are theſe charms! but none to me,
With Mira to compared be!
No, nor the ſhade of groves, nor flow'ry fields,
Nor all the living joys that bounteous nature yields."

YOUNG G. & L. MAGAZINE.



Long Armed Ape.

Ourang Outang.



Pigmy Ape.

Barbary Ape.

No. 3.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Letter on Slavery.

The following extract of a letter from PATRICK HENRY, late Governor of Virginia, furniſhes one among many proofs, that a perſon may be fully convinced of the monſtrous iniquity and dangerous tendency of Slavery, and yet continue to hold Slaves. He appears to have been much too wiſe and candid to attempt to defend a practice, which his conſcience whiſpered him was wrong.

" Hanover Jan. 18. 1773.

DEAR SIR,

I TAKE this opportunity to acknowledge the receipt of Anthony Benezet's book againſt the Slave trade: I thank you for it. It is not a little ſurpriſing that the profeſſors of Chriſtianity, whoſe chief excellence conſiſts in ſoftening the human heart, in cheriſhing and impro-

ving its finer feelings, ſhould encourage a practice ſo totally repugnant to the firſt impreſſions of right and wrong. What adds to the wonder is, that this abominable practice has been introduced in the moſt enlightened ages.—Times, that ſeem to have pretenſions to boaſt of high improvements in the arts, ſciences, and refined morality, have brought into general uſe, and guarded by many laws, a ſpecies of violence and tyranny, which our more rude and barbarous, but more honeſt anceſtors, deteſted. Is it not amazing, that at a time when the rights of humanity are defined and underſtood with preciſion, in a country above all others fond of Liberty—that in ſuch an age and ſuch a country, we find men profeſſing a religion the moſt humane, mild, gentle and generous, adopting a principle as repugnant to humanity, as it is inconſiſtent with the Bible, and deſtructive to Liberty?"

"Every thinking, honeſt man rejects it in ſpeculation. How few in practice from conſcientious motives!"

"Would any one believe that I am maſter of Slaves of my own purchaſe! I am drawn along by the general inconve-

nience of living here without them.—I will not—I cannot juſtify it. However culpable my conduct, I will ſo far pay my devoir to virtue, as to own the excellence and rectitude of her precepts, and to lament my want of conformity to them."

"I believe a time will come when an opportunity will be offered to abolish this lamentable evil. Every thing we can do, is to improve it, if it happens in our day; if not, let us tranſmit to our deſcendants, together with our Slaves, a pity for their unhappy lot, and an abhorrence for Slavery."

"If we cannot reduce this wiſhed for reformation to practice, let us treat the unhappy victims with lenity. It is the furtheſt advance we can make towards juſtice. It is a debt we owe to the purity of our religion, to ſhow that it is at variance with that law which warrants Slavery."

"I know not where to ſtop. I could ſay many things on the ſubject; a ſerious view of which gives *a gloomy perſpective to future times.*"

Life of Wm. Cowper, Esq. of the Inner Temple.

IT has frequently been obſerved, that the life of a man of genius is marked by few incidents. The mind, which grows up amidſt the privacies of ſtudy, and the character, which is framed by ſolitary meditation, belong in a great degree, to a world of their own, from which the paſſions and events of ordinary life are equally excluded. There is, therefore, nothing very remarkable in the life of the poet to whom theſe pages are devoted. But in the hiſtory of thoſe who have done honour to their country, and added richneſs to their native language, no circumſtance is trifling, and no incident unworthy of record; eſpecially as there is a ſort of ſanctity attached to theſe men, which diffuſes itſelf to the minuteſt tranſaction in which they have been concerned.

Mr. Cowper was born at Berkhamſtead, in Buckinghamſhire, of amiable, and reſpectable parents, of noble affinity, and connected with perſons of great worldly influence, his advancement in tempo-

ral affluence and honour, ſeemed to demand no uncommon mental endowments. His opening genius diſcovered, however, a capacity for elegant literature; and he enjoyed the beſt advantages for improvement, in ſo pleaſing a purſuit. With uncommon abilities, he poſſeſſed a moſt amiable temper; and he became, not only the darling of his relations, but beloved and admired by his aſſociates in education. But the towering hopes that were naturally built on ſo flattering a ground, were undermined at an early period. From childhood, during which he loſt a much loved parent, his ſpirits were always very tender, and often greatly dejected. His natural diffidence, and depreſſion of mind, were increaſed to a moſt diſtreſſing degree, by the turbulence of his elder comrades, at the moſt celebrated public ſchool in England. And when at mature age, he was appointed to a lucrative and honourable ſtation in the Law, he ſhrunk with the greateſt terror, from the appearance which it required him to make before the upper houſe of Parliament. Several affecting circumſtances concurred to increaſe the agony of his mind, while revolving the conſequences of relinquiſhing the poſt to which he had been nomi-

nated; and he wiſhed for a mental derangement, as the only apparent means by which his perplexity and diſtreſs could be terminated. A ſituation of mind, of which few among mankind can form a ſuitable conception, but which it may be hoped, many will regard with tender pity, drove him to deſperation; and the manner of his preſervation in life, or rather his reſtoration to it, indicated an unuſual interpoſition of the providence of God. His friends no longer perſiſted in urging him to retain his office. It was reſigned; and with it his flattering proſpects vaniſhed, and his connections with the world diſſolved.

At this awful criſis, appears to have commenced Mr. Cowper's ſerious attention to the ways of God. Having been educated in the knowledge of the holy ſcriptures, and eſtranged from the foolhardy arrogance which urges unhappy youths to infidelity, he had conſtantly retained a reverence for true piety. His manners were in general decent and amiable; and the courſe of pleaſures in which he had indulged himſelf, being cuſtomary with perſons in ſimilar circumſtances, he remained inſenſible of his real ſtate, till he was brought to reflect upon

the guilt of that action, by which he had nearly plunged himself into eternity. He now sunk under the horrors of perdition; and that distraction which he had sought as a refuge from the fear of man, now seized him amidst his terrors of eternal judgment.—A vein of self-loathing ran through the whole of his insanity; and his faculties were so completely deranged, that the attempt, which he had lately deplored as an unpardonable transgression, now appeared to him an indispensable work of piety. He therefore repeated his assaults upon his own life, under the dreadful delusion, that it was right to rid the earth of such a sinner. His purpose being again mercifully frustrated, he became at length familiar with despair, and suffered it to be alleviated by conversation. And after having endured the severest distress, he very beautifully describes the consolation which he derived from his faith in the son of God, in the following affecting allegory.

"I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
Long since; with many an arrow deep infixt,
My panting side was charg'd, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
There was I found by one who had himself
Been hurt by th' archers. In his side he bore,

And in his hands and feet, the cruel ſcars.
With gentle force ſoliciting the darts,
He drew them forth, and heal'd, and bade me
live."

During the laſt year, or two, of Mr. Cowpers life, his health, and his ſtate of mind, appeared to be as much reſtored as for any time during his long afflictions—He was, however, attacked by a diſorder, which brought on a rapid decay. Early on the the twenty fifth of April, 1800, he ſunk into a ſtate of apparent inſenſibility, which might have been taken for a tranquil ſlumber, but that his eyes remained half open. His breath was regular, though feeble; and his countenance perfectly ſerene. In this ſtate he continued for twelve hours: and then expired, without heaving his breath.

The firſt volume of poems, which he publiſhed, conſiſts of various pieces, on various ſubjects. It ſeems that he had been aſſiduous in cultivating a turn for grave and argumentative verſification, on moral and ethical topics. Of this kind is the Table Talk, and ſeveral other pieces in the collection.

It would be abſurd to give one general character of the pieces that were pub-

liſhed in this volume: yet this is true concerning Mr. Cowper's productions; that in all the varieties of his ſtyle there may ſtill be diſcerned the likeneſs and impreſſion of the ſame mind; the ſame unaffected modeſty which always rejects unſeaſonable ambitions and ornaments of language; the ſame eaſy vigour; the ſame ſerene and cheerful hope derived from a ſteady and unſhaken faith in the principles of chriſtianity.

I am not prepared to affirm that Mr. Cowper derives any praiſe from the choice and elegance of his words; but he has the higher praiſe of having choſen them without affectation. He appears to have uſed them as he found them; neither introducing faſtidious refinements, nor adhering to obſolete barbariſms. He underſtands the whole Science of numbers, and he has practiſed their different kinds with conſiderable happineſs; and if his verſes do not flow ſo ſoftly as the delicacy of a modern ear requires, that roughneſs, which is objected to his poetry, is his choice, not his defect. But this ſort of critics, who admire only what is exquiſitely poliſhed, theſe lovers of "gentleneſs without ſinews,"* ought to

*Dr. Sprat's Life of Cowley.

take into their eſtimate the vaſt effuſion of thought which is ſo abundantly poured over the writings of Mr. Cowper, without which human diſcourſe is only an idle combination of ſounds and ſyllables.

After an interval of a few years, his Taſk was uſhered into the world. The occaſion that gave birth to it was a trivial one. A lady had requeſted him to write a piece in blank verſe, and gave him the ſofa for his ſubject. This he expanded into one of the fineſt moral poems of which the Engliſh language has been productive.

It is written in blank verſe, of which the conſtruction, though in ſome reſpects reſembling Milton's, is truly original and characteriſtic. It is not too ſtately for familiar deſcription, nor too depreſſed for ſublime and elevated imagery. If it has any fault, it is that of being too much laden with idiomatic expreſſion, a fault which the author, in the rapidity with which his ideas and his utterance ſeem to have flowed, very naturally incurred.

In this poem his fancy ran with the moſt excurſive freedom. The poet enlarges upon his topics, and confirms his argument by every variety of illuſtration. He never, however, dwells upon them

too long, and leaves off in ſuch a manner, that it ſeems, it was in his power to have ſaid more.

The arguments of the poem are various. The works of nature, the aſſociations with which they exhibit themſelves, the deſigns of Providence, and the paſſions of men. Of one advantage the writer has amply availed himſelf. The work not being rigidly confined to any preciſe ſubject, he has indulged himſelf in all the laxity and freedom of a miſcellaneous poem. Yet he has ſtill adhered ſo faithfully to the general laws of congruity, that whether he inſpires the ſofter affections into his reader, or delights him with keen and playful raillery, or diſcourſes on the ordinary manners of human nature, or holds up the bright pictures of religious conſolation to his mind, he adopts, at pleaſure, a diction juſt and appropriate, equal in elevation to the ſacred effuſions of Chriſtian rapture, and ſufficiently eaſy and familiar for deſcriptions of domeſtic life; ſkilful alike in ſoaring without effort and deſcending without meanneſs.

He who deſires to put into the hands of youth a poem, which, not deſtitute of poetic embelliſhment, is free from all matter of a licentious tendency, will find in

the Taſk a book adapted to his purpoſe. It would be the part of an abſurd and extravagant auſterity, to condemn thoſe poetical productions in which the paſſion of love conſtitutes the primary feature. In every age that paſſion has been the concernment of life, the theme of the poet, the plot of the ſtage. Yet there is a ſort of amorous ſenſibility, bordering almoſt on morbid enthuſiaſm, which the youthful mind too frequently imbibes from the glowing ſentiments of the poets. Their genius deſcribes, in the moſt ſplendid colours, the operations of a paſſion which requires rebuke inſtead of incentive, and leads to the moſt grovelling ſenſuality the enchantments of a rich and creative imagination. But in the Taſk of Cowper, there is no licentiouſneſs of deſcription. All is grave, and majeſtic, and moral. A vein of religious thinking pervades every page, and he diſcourſes, in a ſtrain of the moſt finiſhed poetry, on the inſufficiency and vanity of human purſuits.

Nor is he always ſevere. He is perpetually enlivening the mind of his reader by ſportive deſcriptions, and by repreſenting, in elevated meaſures, ludicrous objects and circumſtances, a ſpecies of the

mock-heroic of which Philips was the firſt author. In this latter ſort of ſtyle Mr. Cowper has diſplayed great powers of verſification, and great talents for humour. Of this, the hiſtorical account he has given of chairs, in the firſt book of the Taſk, is a ſtriking ſpecimen.

The attention, however, is the moſt detained by thoſe paſſages, in which the charms of rural life, and the endearments of domeſtic retirement, are pourtrayed. It is in vain to ſearch in any poet of antient or modern times for more pathetic touches of repreſentation. The Taſk abounds with incidents, introduced as epiſodes, and interpoſing an agreeable relief to the grave and ſerious parts of the poetry. Who has not admired his crazy Kate? A deſcription in which the calamity of a diſordered reaſon is painted with admirable exactneſs and ſimplicity.

"She begs an idle pin of all ſhe meets."

I know of no poet who would have introduced ſo minute a circumſtance into his repreſentation; yet who is there that does not perceive that it derives its effect altogether from the minuteneſs with which it is drawn?

It were an endleſs taſk to point out the

beauties of the poem. It is now eſtabliſhed in its reputation, and, by univerſal conſent, it has given Cowper a very high place amongſt the Engliſh poets.*

The Amateur: No. II.

THERE is a ſort of weakneſs, common to every character, from which even the privilege of philoſophy can hardly plead an exemption. Indeed the good of mankind ſeem ſo much to depend upon it, that it may well be conſidered an eſſential principle of human nature. This weakneſs, to which I refer, is founded in a ſtrange kind of propenſity, which every man appears to have to deceive himſelf; for which reaſon, I ſhall call it *self-deceit*. So cunningly does it conceal itſelf in the mind, that its exiſtence is never ſuſpected even by thoſe who are the moſt governed by its influence. If we will take the trouble to trace to their ſources, the calamities of the world, we ſhall be convinced that many of them are

* A handſome edition of Cowper's poems, (with eight elegant engravings) will ſhortly be put to preſs by Robert Johnſon, at N° 31, Market Street.

derived from this blind and flattering predilection; and yet, by looking into human nature, we ſhall be ſatisfied that this prevailing diſpoſition is neceſſary to the welfare of ſociety.

It cannot have eſcaped the attention of the moſt common obſerver that a deſire of happineſs is the great motive to action. In what this happineſs conſiſts, would be difficult to decide; ſince that which would be highly agreeable to one mind, would be extremely offenſive to another. Happineſs, therefore, has no preciſe definition, but is rather a creature of the imagination, a bleſſing never enjoyed, yet never deſpaired of; a *desideratum* always in hope, yet never in attainment. In confirmation of this idea, I need only advert my readers to the various, and almoſt contrary purſuits of mankind. In examining theſe he will ſee the vanity of human wiſhes, and be convinced that felicity, although the object of all, is the boaſted poſſeſſion of no one. The enterpriſing and the liſtleſs, the refined and the vulgar, the proud and the obſequious, are all looking forward to the *ultimatum* of human deſire; nor is it within the power of the moſt ſevere and repeated diſappointments to divert them from their deluſion. Like *Don Quixote*, of romantic

memory, the ſolemn ſcenery of a death bed is neceſſary to diſſipate from their minds this favourite *Dulcinea* of their affections.

The ambitious man, overlooking the ſilent and retired pleaſures of ſtill life, directs his aſpiring eye to the more elevated ſcenes of magnificence and wealth. In his eſteem, the diſtinction which theſe objects are calculated to beſtow, are alone worthy the attention of a rational and dignified being. To him, the cringing ſervility of a dependent, or the thoughtleſs applauſe of a popular aſſembly, would be the extreme of happineſs. But no ſooner does he enter theſe exalted walks of public life, than he diſcovers the inſufficiency of wealth and the vanity of fame. For a while flattery may have delighted and luxury may have charmed him; but this delight and this charm never fail to vaniſh with the novelty of thoſe things by which they were inſpired.

The lover, tender, gay and viſionary, looks forward to his marriage hour, with all the enthuſiaſm of expectation. The beauty, the wit, and the amiable qualities of his miſtreſs, promiſe him that perfection of bliſs, which flows from the intercourſe of affection and ſentiment. His

imagination preſents to him a picture, drawn in all the bewitching colours of fancy. Without beſtowing a thought upon the poſſible interruption of earthly felicity, he enters upon this new ſcene, with hopes the moſt ſanguine and romantic. But alas! the flattery of his expectations, but renders their mortification the more intolerable. The death of a beloved child, or the ſtill dearer bereavement of the amiable partner of his affections, are diſtreſſes, which, having never entered into his imagination, come upon him with redoubled force, and accumulated diſappointment.

The man of genius, filled with the moſt tender attachment for whatever is beautiful and ſublime in literature, devotes himſelf to the cultivation of polite learning, and anticipates the moſt liberal and dignified reward in the luxury of taſte and the recreation of fancy. Yet no ſooner does he engage in this elegant occupation of poetry and ſentiment, than he finds himſelf regretting that he ever felt the divine inſpiration of the one, or the tranſporting enthuſiaſm of the other. The cold inſenſibility of the world, with which he is obliged occaſionally to mingle, throws almoſt a fatal damp upon his

delicately tempered feelings. Its dull and prudent maxims, founded in avarice, and accommodated to ſelfiſhneſs, not only form him to miſanthropy, but render him a hateful incumbrance to himſelf.

I could ſwell my paper beyond its proper limits, in citing examples of this kind. But I preſume that the few which I have employed, will be ſufficient for all the purpoſes of my argument. They ſtrikingly exemplify the diſappointments which almoſt neceſſarily follow, not only the lofty ſchemes of ambition, but alſo the more humble plans of modeſty and genius. From theſe we may infer the emptineſs of the world, its aptitude to flatter, and its certainty to mortify. Yet the infinite wiſdom of nature has ſo conſtructed us, that we give ourſelves up to the ardency of our hopes, without thinking upon the uncertainty of their foundations or the vanity of their objects; and we "preſs forward," with all the boldneſs of confidence, "towards that mark" which our imaginations have ſet up as "the prize of a high calling."

In thus ſubjecting us to the deluſion of fancy and the dominion of paſſion, the benevolence, as well as the wiſdom of our maker, is viſible. Did we, inſtead of this

impetuoſity of temper, poſſeſs a calm equality of diſpoſition, always inclining to reaſon and reflection, the great end of our exiſtence would be defeated; and although we ſhould be leſs in the way of miſery, we ſhould be utter ſtrangers to enjoyment. The proſpect of diſappointment would counteract the univerſal motive to action. Induſtry would remit her labors, ambition would become liſtleſs, and genius would lay aſide his taliſman.

The readers of the Amateur may wonder then, that under the impreſſion of theſe ſentiments, he ſhould engage in his preſent very difficult and precarious undertaking; an undertaking which does not promiſe the common rewards of wealth or of fame. To relieve them from the perplexity of ſuch a problem, he candidly acknowledges, that he does not anticipate much future advantage from his labors for the public. He does not even ſtop to calculate upon a recompence. It flows ſweetly along with his compoſition; and his pen and his enjoyment have one common alliance. He does not, however, ſo far differ from his fellow beings, as to be entirely free from the influence of ſelf deceit. Though the applauſe of the world does not take the lead in his

deſires, he is ſo far intereſted in the opinion of the public, as to ſolicit its candor. Without this, he would be too much diſcouraged to proceed in his work. He would deſpair of inſtructing or even amuſing thoſe, whoſe bad judgment or ill-nature would not allow them to approve. He wiſhes not for an unreaſonable indulgence. He begs only for the exerciſe of that fairneſs, in the examination of his eſſays, ſo indiſpenſable to the attainment of juſt criticiſm.

NATIONAL ÆGIS.

Origin of Poetry.

WHAT, it may be aſked, is poetry? and how does it differ from proſe? Many diſputes have been maintained among the criticks upon theſe queſtions. The eſſence of poetry is ſuppoſed by Ariſtotle, Plato, and others, to conſiſt in fiction. This deſcription, however, has been eſteemed to be imperfect and limited. Many account the characteriſtic of poetry to be imitation. But an imitation of human manners and characters may be carried on in proſe.

Perhaps it is the beſt definition of poet-

ry, "that it is the language of paſſion, or of enlivened imagination, formed moſt commonly into regular numbers." As the primary aid of the poet is to pleaſe and to move, it is to the imagination and the paſſions that he addreſſes himſelf. With him, inſtruction and reformation are ſecondary conſiderations.

It has been ſaid, that poetry is older than proſe; and the poſition is certainly true. In the very beginning of ſociety there were occaſions upon which men met together at feaſts and ſacrifices, when muſic, dance, and ſong, were the chief entertainment. The meetings of the northern tribes of America, are diſtinguiſhed by muſic and ſong. By ſongs they celebrate their religious ceremonies, and their martial atchievements. And it is in ſuch ſongs which characterize the infancy of all nations, that there may be traced the beginnings of poetic compoſition.

Man is by nature both a poet and a muſician. The ſame impulſe which produces an enthuſiaſtic poetic ſtyle, produces a high modulation of ſound. Muſic and poetry are united in ſong; and they mutually aſſiſt and exalt each other. The firſt poets ſung their own verſes; and hence the origin of what is called verſification,

or the arrangement of words to ſome tune or melody.

Poets and ſongs are the firſt objects that make their appearance in any nation. Apollo, Orpheus, and Amphion, were the firſt tamers of mankind among the Greeks. The Gothic nations had their ſcalders or poets. The Celtic tribes had their bards. Poems and ſongs are among the antiquities of all countries; and the occaſions of their being compoſed are nearly the ſame. They abound in fire and enthuſiaſm; and they are wild, irregular and glowing.

It is in the progreſs of ſociety that poems aſſume different forms. Time ſeparates into claſſes the different kinds of poetic compoſition. A peculiar merit, and certain rules are aſſigned to each. The ode, and the elegy; the epic poem, and dramatic compoſitions, are all reduced to regulations, and exerciſe the acuteneſs of criticiſm.

BLAIR.

On Geography.

IF to enlighten and enlarge the human mind, to remove the ſhades of ignorance, and open freſh avenues of knowledge, be the chief ends of ſcience, none, in my opinion, embraces a wider circle, and offers a more extenſive combination of thoſe deſirable objects than Geography.

Even its fundamental principles are of the greateſt utility in the daily avoc ions of life. To be well acquainted with the general diviſions of land and water; the ſub-diviſions of empires, kingdoms, and ſtates; the names of places and their reſpective ſituations, is a branch of knowledge which it is impoſſible to want without the ſelf-conviction of the groſſeſt ignorance and inattention. But this is one of the leaſt important provinces of Geo-

graphy. Our acquiſitions ſo far, are ſolely thoſe of memory: the judgment lies dormant, and fancy ſlumbers.

But when, from an acquaintance with the names and terms of the art, we wiſh to riſe to ſublime contemplations: when we conſider the earth as peopled with various nations, and acquire an inſight into their religion, manners, government and purſuits; then Geography aſſumes a moſt attractive form, and fills the mind with ideas worthy of itſelf.

If we regard this ſcience only as an uſeful auxiliary to trade, it is no inſignificant acquiſition. To be acquainted with the natural and artificial productions of countries, the manufactures, exports, and imports, is an important conſideration. But the ſtudent muſt not ſtop here:—he muſt enlarge his conceptions by comparative reſearches into men and manners: he muſt trace the origin and influence of laws, the effects of civilization, and modes of life, through all their obliquities and variety of ſhades; and, while he indulges in thoſe wide ſpeculations, he may, from what is good, deduce maxims to regulate his own conduct, or to enlighten others; from what is bad, he

may learn to avoid the errors that human frailty, aided by prejudice, has ſo abundantly diſſeminated over the globe, and pity where he cannot admire.

The Hottentot, and the Tartar, in the dawn of reaſon, with barely the features of men, and ſtill remote from civilization and refinement, will afford reflections on what human nature is, devoid of learning and arts. The abſurd theology of barbarous nations, where the fantaſtic figure of Numbo Jumbo, a ſnake or an inſect, is the object of divine adoration, will diſplay the ſublimity of that religion, which is ſounded on a ſenſe of infinite perfection, and almighty power; and refers all to a ſuperintending Providence. The ſavage inſtitutions of many kingdoms, where man is degraded to the ſlave, and cruel caprice rather than legitimate authority is the fluctuating rule of action, will teach the value of government, founded in law, and ſupported by ſocial order.

If prejudice has taken hold on the heart, (and where is that heart in which it is totally unknown?) it cannot be better eradicated than by viewing nations under the influence of cuſtoms, and laws, dif-

ferent from our own ; yet, perhaps, on enquiry, beſt adapted to their ſituation, climate, and native predilections.

To confine all excellence to the country in which we were born, to deny merit to all thoſe who do not think and act exactly in the ſame train as we do, is the defect of a narrow ſoul ; but to love our own country beſt, and to ſtudy to promote it's intereſts, and extend the honour of it's name, is compatable with the fineſt feelings and moſt chriſtian charity. It ennobles us as men and citizens.

In all thoſe points of view, philoſophic geography, (to uſe a new epithet) if duly attended to, will ſerve for an inſtructor and guide. In ſhort, it is the ſcience of life and manners, of laws and government ; and is as uſeful to the man, as it is ornamental to the ſcholar.

The Canary Bird.

[From Pratt's Gleanings in Weſtphalia.]

IN this very town of Cleves, which with its environs will detain us ſome time longer, I was reſiding with a Pruſſi-

an family, during the time of the fair; which I ſhall paſs over, having nothing remarkable to diſtinguiſh it from other annual meetings where people aſſemble to ſtare at, cheat each other, and divert themſelves, and to ſpend the year's ſavings in buying thoſe bargains which would have been, probably, better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the deſſert was juſt brought on the table, the travelling German muſicians, who commonly ply the houſes at theſe times, preſented themſelves and were ſuffered to play, and juſt as they were making their bows for the money they had received for their harmony, a Bird-catcher, who had rendered himſelf famous for the educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The muſicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permiſſion to ſtay; and the maſter of the houſe, who had a great ſhare of good nature, indulged their curioſity: a curioſity, indeed, which every body participated: for all that we have heard or ſeen of learned pigs, aſſes, dogs, and horſes, was ſaid to be extinguiſhed in the wonderful wiſdom, which blazed in

the genius of this bird-catcher's canary. The canary was produced, and the owner harrangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his forefinger. Bijou —jewel—you are now in the preſence of perſons of great ſagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering. In a word, deport yourſelf like the bijou—the jewel—of canary birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird ſeemed to liſten, and, indeed, placed himſelf in the true attitude of attention, by ſloping his head to the ear of the man, and then diſtinctly nodding twice when his maſter left off ſpeaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promiſſory, theſe were two of them.

That's good, ſays the maſter, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now then, let us ſee if you are a canary of honour. Give us a tune:—The canary ſung. Pſhaw, that's too harſh: 'tis the note of a raven with a hoarſeneſs upon him: ſomething pathetic. The canary whiſtled as if its little throat was changed to a lute. Faſter, ſays the man.—Slower—very well—what is this foot about, and this little head.

—No wonder you are out, Mr. Bijou, when you forget your time. That's a jewel.—*Bravo, bravo,* my little man.

All that he was ordered or reminded of did he do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and, "the ſound was a juſt echo to the ſenſe," according to the ſtricteſt laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of muſical compoſition—*Bravo! Bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room.—The muſicians declared the canary was a greater maſter of muſic than any of their band. And do you not ſhew your ſenſe of this civility, Sir? cries the bird-catcher with an angry air. The canary bowed moſt reſpectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next atchievement was going through martial exerciſe with a ſtraw gun, after which, my poor bijou, ſays his owner, thou haſt had hard work, and muſt be a little weary: a few performances more, and thou ſhalt repoſe. Shew the ladies how to make a curtſey.

The bird here croſſed his taper legs, and ſunk and roſe with an eaſe and grace that would have put half our ſubſcription aſſembly belles to the bluſh—That's my fine bird—and now a bow, head and

foot correſponding, Here the ſtriplings for ten miles round London might have bluſhed alſo. Let us finiſh with an horn-pipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up.

The activity, glee, ſpirit, and accuracy with which this laſt order was obeyed, wound up the applauſe (in which all the muſicians joined, as well with their inſtruments as their clappings) to the higheſt pitch of admiration. Bijou himſelf, ſeemed to feel the ſacred thirſt of fame, and ſhook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io pæan* that ſounded like the conſcious notes of victory.

Thou haſt done all my biddings bravely, ſaid the maſter, careſſing his feathered ſervant; now then, take a nap while I take thy place. Hereupon the canary went into a counterfeit ſlumber, firſt ſhutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping ſo much on one ſide, that the hands of ſeveral of the company were ſtretched out to ſave him from falling, and juſt as thoſe hands approached his feathers, ſuddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other; at length the ſleep ſeemed to fix him in a ſteady poſture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat upon

the table, where the man aſſured us he would remain in a good ſound ſleep, while he himſelf had the honour to do his beſt to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glaſs of wine, (in the progreſs of taking of which, he was interrupted by the canary bird ſpringing ſuddenly up to aſſert his right to a ſhare, really putting his little bill into the glaſs, and then laying himſelf down to ſleep again) the owner called him a ſaucy fellow, and began to ſhew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of theſe lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco pipe, while he ſmoked with another, and ſeveral of the poſitions were ſo difficult to be preſerved, yet maintained with ſuch dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from ſome unobſerved corner, ſprung upon the table, ſeized the poor canary in its mouth, and ruſhed out of the window in deſpite of oppoſition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an inſtant, it was a vain purſuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in ſuch diſmay, accompanied by ſuch looks

and language, as muſt have awakened pity in a miſanthrope. He ſpread him half-length over the table, and mourned his canary-bird, with the moſt undiſſembled ſorrow. Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years haſt thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and ſlept in my boſom. I owe to thee my ſupport, my health, my ſtrength, and my happineſs; without thee what will become of me? Thou it was who enſured my welcome in the beſt company. It was thy genius only made me welcome.

It is needleſs to obſerve to you, that every one of the company ſympathized with him. But none more than the band of *musicians*, who being engaged in a profeſſion that naturally keeps the ſenſibilities more or leſs in exerciſe, felt the diſtreſs of the poor bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to ſee theſe people gathering themſelves into a knot, and after whiſpering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noſes, depute one from amongſt them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the bird-man, the very contribution they had juſt before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took

from the pocket the little parcel they had rolled up, and brought out with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the ſight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary ſeed, the food of "the dear loſt companion of his art." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumſtance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful but with a deſperate hand. He opened the bag, which was faſtened with red tape, and taking out ſome of the ſeed put it into the very bill of the lifeleſs bird, exclaiming—No, my poor bijou, no.—thou can'ſt not peck any more out of this hand, that has been thy feeding place ſo many years—thou can'ſt not remember how happy we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou had'ſt deſerved it. It ſhall be *filled*—and with gold, ſaid the maſter of the houſe, if I could afford it.

The good man roſe from his ſeat, which had long been uneaſy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it ſome ſilver, ſaying, as he handed it to his neareſt neighbour, who will refuſe to follow my example? it is not a ſubſcription for

mere charity, it is a tribute to one of the rareſt things in the world; namely, to real feeling, in this ſophiſtical, pretending age. If ever the paſſion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow, and whether the object that calls out ſuch feelings be bird, beaſt, fiſh, or man, it is alike virtue and—ought to be rewarded —ſaid his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is ſuperfluous to tell you that after the ſeed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's ſight, every body moſt cheerfully contributed to make up a purſe, to repair as much as money could, the bird-man's loſs. The laſt perſon applied to, was a very beautiful German young lady, who as ſhe placed her bounty into the bag, cloſed it immediately after, and bluſhed. As there are all ſort of bluſhes (at leaſt one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteriſtic feeling, ſuppoſing the actor can feel at all), Suſpicion would have thought this young lady who was ſo anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but Candour, who reaſons in a different manner, would ſuppoſe what was really the caſe—that it was a bluſh not of avarice and deception,

but of benevolence graced by modeſty. Curioſity, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongſt which was a *golden ducat*, that, by its date and brightneſs had been hoarded. Ah ha, ſaid Curioſity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honeſt in one point; ſince they all in the moment of attack, by ſome means or another, diſcover what they wiſh to conceal. There was not in the then large company a ſingle perſon, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with aſſurance of the truth—*Thou art the woman!* There was no denying the fact; it was written on every feature of her enchanting face. She ſtruggled, however, with the accuſation almoſt to tears, but they were ſuch tears, as would have given luſtre to the fineſt eyes in the world, for they gave luſtre to her's.

Natural History.

Order I.—Primates.

(With an Engraving.)

NEXT to man the APE tribe are the moſt remarkable in this order. Indeed they bear ſuch a ſtrong external reſemblance to the human form, and poſſeſs ſo many inſtincts, and powers of imitation, that they may ſerve for a leſſon to humble the pride of ſuch as value themſelves on their perſonal beauty only, and furniſh uſeful reflections to the wiſe and good, when they contemplate thoſe mental faculties, and that intelligent moral principle with which mankind are excluſively endowed.

APES, including BABOONS and MONKIES, form a large tribe of animals, that enliven the tropical regions by their frolics, or annoy by the ingenuity of their

malice. To deſcribe them all would occupy too much ſpace in our work, and occaſion unneceſſary repetitions. We ſhall therefore confine ourſelves to a delineation of ſome of the moſt prominent, which will at the ſame time, give a competent idea of all the reſt.

Large Ape, Ourang Outang, or Wild Man of the Woods.

Apes, properly ſo called, bear a moſt ſtriking reſemblance to the human figure; they walk erect, are deſtitute of tails, and are capable of imitating the actions of men, with aſtoniſhing dexterity. The ourang outang, which makes the neareſt approaches to our kind, is deſcribed by different travellers as poſſeſſing ſurpriſing ſwiftneſs, addreſs, and ferocity; but they diſagree in their account of his ſtature, ſome making him three, others ſix, and even ſeven feet high. This diverſity, if real, probably ariſes from climate or age: there is no doubt but the animal is frequently as tall as a man, and much ſtronger. One of them was diſſected by Dr. Tyſon, who gives an intereſting ac-

count of its comparative anatomy, but it is too long to tranſcribe here.

Theſe animals can ſeldom be taken alive, and therefore are not often ſeen in Europe. They inhabit the thickeſt parts of the woods in the Moluccas, in Borneo, and other Oriental iſlands; they are likewiſe found in the diſtant parts of India, on the continent of Africa, and in Madagaſcar. In ſome of thoſe regions, hunting them is the favourite amuſement of the grandees and princes; but this ſport is not unattended with danger to its followers.

The Pango or Ourang outang of Africa, according to Battel, reſembles a man in all reſpects except in its ſuperior magnitude. Its face is almoſt entirely human, but its eyes are ſunk deep in the head, and on each ſide of the viſage are long hairs, which give it a ghaſtly appearance. The body is lightly covered with hair, and it walks erect and undaunted. It ſleeps under ſhady trees, conſtructs a hut to ſhelter it from the heat and rain, and wholly ſubſiſts on fruits. Its inſtincts are remarkably acute, and it is ſo little ſubject to timidity, that when the negroes make fires in its vicinity, it approaches them to warm itſelf. It is a gregarious a-

nimal; and, whenever it meets any of our kind alone and unarmed, it ſeldom ſhews him any mercy. It even attacks the elephant, with clubs, and this is the only creature except man, that makes uſe of arms not its own. It is at once cunning, ſtrong, and cruel.

An ape of this kind, which fell under the notice of the illuſtrious Buffon, evinced unuſual ſagacity and powers of imitation. It walked on two legs even when it carried a burden; its air was always tinctured with melancholy, and its whole deportment was grave. Diſſimilar to the baboon or monkey, whoſe motions are violent and their appetites capricious, who are prone to miſchief, and ſubmiſſive only through fear; this animal was circumſpect and deliberate, and a look was ſufficient to awe it into acquieſcence. "I have ſeen it," ſays Buffon, "give its hand to ſhew the company to the door; I have obſerved it ſit at table, unfold its napkin, wipe its lips, make uſe of the ſpoon and fork to carry its victuals to its mouth, pour out its drink into a glaſs, join glaſſes when invited, take a cup and ſaucer and place them on the table, put in ſugar, pour out tea, and leave it to cool

before drinking; and all this without the ſlighteſt intimation from its maſter, and frequently without being required." It was extremely docile and inoffenſive, approached ſtrangers with reſpect, and ſeemed rather to expect careſſes than to be diſpoſed to offer injuries. It was particularly fond of ſugared comfits, which every one readily gave it; but this kind of food contributed to ſhorten the period of its exiſtence. It continued in Paris one ſummer, and was then brought to London, where it died. It fed indiſcriminately on whatever was preſented, but ſhewed a predilection for dry and ripe fruits. Wine in ſmall quantities it did not abſolutely reject, but gladly exchanged it for milk, tea, or any ſugared beverage.

Many of theſe habits and propenſities were, no doubt, the effect of education; and in a ſtate of nature the ape is unqueſtionably a very different animal. It is evident, however, from ſeveral trials, that unlike the human race, it ſoon arrives at all the imitative perfection which it is capable of reaching, and in none of its actions evinces any thing like MIND.

Pigmy Ape.

Though the face of this animal ſtrongly reſembles the human ſpecies, the body is not larger than that of a cat. It lives in ſocieties, is a native of Africa, particularly Ethiopia, and ſeems to have given riſe to the ridiculous legends of Pigmies, which are deſcribed as a nation reſiding near the fountains of the Nile, and annually levying war againſt the cranes, that is, to ſteal their eggs; and hence the fiction of their combats, &c. Vulgar prejudices long kept alive the ſtories that poets and fanciful philoſophers invented; and the Indians, taking advantage of the credulity of the ignorant, ſometimes embalmed this ſpecies of ape, and ſold them as real Pigmies.

Long-Armed Ape.

To this extraordinary creature, Buffon gives the appellation of the *gibbon*. In its general conformation and attitudes, it bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the ourang outang; but the extreme length of its arms diſtinguiſhes it from all others of its tribe. There are ſeveral varieties of this ſpecies; they are found on the coaſt of

Coromandel, in Malacca, China, the Moluccas and other oriental iſlands. In the Leverian muſeum is a ſpecimen in excellent preſervation, three feet high, covered with a long ſoft hair, and having hands that reach entirely to the ground.

Barbary Ape.

Buffon diſtinguiſhes this ſpecies by the name of the *magot*. It ſeems to connect the ape-family with the baboons, having a ſmall protuberance on its rump, reſembling the rudiments of a tail, while the face is peculiarly prominent, and reſembles that of a quadruped rather than of a man. The body is covered with a dull greeniſh hair, inclining to brown, the belly with a pale yellow. It has, however, flat nails, ears like the human, and bare buttocks. It commonly grows to the height of four feet, and is a native of India, Arabia, and the whole continent of Africa, except Egypt.

As apes recede from the human figure, they become proportionably dull, vicious and intractable. This ſpecies is frequently exhibited in Europe, where it is taught to perform a number of tricks, and acquire from the impulſe of fear a

degree of docility; but in its native haunts it is unamiable in all its manners, frequently aſſembling in troops, and robbing the women going to market of their baſkets of proviſions.

Among ſome ſavage nations, Apes are conſidered as the principle divinities, and temples are erected to their honour. When the Portugueſe plundered an erection of this kind in Ceylon, they found the tooth of an ape in a ſmall golden caſket, which the natives held in ſuch veneration, that they offered 700,000 ducats for its redemption; but the viceroy rejected this offer as favouring of idolatry, and ordered the precious relic to be burnt.

Account of a Welch Family.

[*From late Travels in Wales.*]

SUPPOSE, therefore, by way of ſhewing you a ſpecimen of the hardy manner in which the poor natural inhabitants of theſe craggy abodes live, you ſtep with me into a hut belonging to one of the Barmouth peaſants. In point of ſituation it might vie with any hermitage,

cot, or palace, that prieſt, peaſant, or prince ever fixed on for reſidence. A noble beach of the fineſt ſand ſpreads itſelf at the bottom: the ocean, yet nobler, extends in front, with all the ſcenery that moves on the face of the waters; the cliffs of Cardiganſhire bound the proſpect to the right; to the left are ſeen thoſe of Caernarvonſhire. Cloſe at its foot a rill, which is for ever heard but never ſeen; the ſhrub wood and weeds of a little half-cultivated piece of garden-ground bidding defiance to the moſt narrow inſpection; and cloſe at its back is part of that immenſe and continuous rock on which one half of the village is erected: but as thoſe are on the ſummit, this is at the bottom. The ſides, and far the greater part of this hovel, for it is little better, are ſo thick with ivy, that, at a ſmall diſtance, nothing but that romantic evergreen is to be diſcovered. A novel-writer, or a lover, or a miſanthrope, could imagine nothing half ſo congenial to their penſive diſpoſitions; it belongs to neither of theſe perſonages. Enter it and ſurvey the inhabitants. Perhaps there never was contained, in ſo ſmall a ſpace, ſuch a variety of occupations going on at the ſame time: nor, probably, ſuch a num-

ber of living beings crouded in one cottage, conſiſting not of one floor only, but one very contracted room; and that room built barn-faſhion; with more light from the large gaps in the thatched roof, than from the window. Its walls were of avowed mud, for not ſo much as a common white-waſh ever attempted to conceal their real compoſition. The family conſiſted of fourteen perſons, of which, three were too young to relieve their poverty, though juſt old enough to ſmile at, and diſregard it—the reſt were, as I ſaid, buſily employed. The father of the family was making nets, the mother of it was ſhaving one of the inn-keepers of the place—the eldeſt ſon was weaving ribbons—the eldeſt daughter weaving cloth—the ſecond ſon was mending a petticoat, that, for variety of patch-work, might triumph over Otway's hag—the ſecond daughter was attempting to repair what I gueſs might have been intended for her father's breeches, in his younger days, and was now to be converted into a pair for his heir apparent—the third daughter (he had but three ſons) was combing the head of the fourth, who was, with no leſs induſtry, knitting a pair of ſtockings—the ſixth girl was mak-

ing bread—the ſeventh was making broth, that is, a collection of potatoes, carrots, and other vegetables—the eighth, and laſt, was rocking the cradle of the youngeſt child with her foot, and dandling another in her arms—while the fifth was making firſt experiments at the ſpinning-wheel.

The tatters which were thrown over theſe poor artiſans, were even more bare and ragged than the furniture, which conſiſted of only three miſerable beds, of which one only had curtains, and thoſe of yellow ſtuff, in ſo ruinous a ſtaté, that—as the Copper Captain ſays of the rats—the moths and other vermin "had inſtinctively quitted them."—There was a fourth bed, of a little dirty looking ſtraw, in a corner of the room, with a covering of old ſacks. Never did I ſee ſo much indigence, and ſo much induſtry united; for though the latter was unremitted, the low price of labour, and the number to be ſupplied from it, and the tender years of moſt of the labourers, made the ſource inadequate to the demand upon it; but neither the induſtry, nor the indigence, had baniſhed the virtues, or the felicities: They were, indeed, within this lowly reſidence, in a more flouriſhing ſtate than

is generally to be found in prouder dwellings. All the varieties which characterife happineſs, in different minds and ages, were preſented before me. The Father, while he conſtructed his net, taught the alphabet to one of his ſmaller children, who was armed with an horn-book. The matron ſtrongly recommended the laſt piece of cloth of her eldeſt girl's making to the inn-keeper, whoſe chin ſhe was reaping; thus contriving to carry on two bargains at the ſame time; and it is not eaſy to deſcribe to you the ſatisfaction with which the good man of the houſe kiſſed the dirty face of the child, on her getting through her letters without miſcalling or forgetting more than ſixteen out of the twenty-four; or how the good woman chuckled, when her encomia of the linen conquered the reluctance of mine hoſt, who not only promiſed to become a purchaſer of the cloth, then under hand, but to ſpeak favourably of her daughter's handy-works to the gentry at his houſe. The joke, however, which was, meanwhile, carrying on between the ſecond ſon and daughter, about the *inverſion* of their uſual occupations, which was a thing agreed on out of pure ſport, ſupplied a mirth yet more ardent. The convention

was " Sifter if you will repair my breeches, I will mend your petticoat. One good turn deſerves another." Accordingly, both went to work; during which, a thouſand ruſtic repartees, and ſallies of uncultivated wit, which made up in harmleſſneſs what they wanted in brilliancy, paſſed in rebound; but the jet of the joke lay in a ſtruggle, that happened between them in the progreſs of their buſineſs; the brother declaring his ſiſter was a bungler; whereupon, there aroſe a pleaſant contention, which was of ſerious conſequence to the breeches; for they were torn in twain, and, furthermore, ſo rent, as to be unfit for either father or ſon: this, though no trifling loſs to a family under ſuch circumſtances, made the jeſt ſo much the better, that the father forgave the misfortune, for the ſake of the pleaſant manner with which it was brought about; aſſuring me, that there was more wit in that girl who had torn the breeches, and more ſlyneſs in the young dog that was laughing at it, than I could believe. The mother ſhook her head, ſaying, they were always at ſome miſchief, and would be the ruin of the family; but patted the girl on the cheek, and clapped the boy on the back, while

ſhe paſſed the cenſure on them. Thus does the tenderneſs of nature adminiſter equivalents for the poverty of her meaneſt offspring. The reſt of the family were no leſs ſucceſsful in mixing amuſement with buſineſs. The little ſtocking-knitter was telling to the bread-maker a ſtory of the lights being ſeen, and the groans heard, when there was no perſon to carry the one or to make the other: a ſuperſtition, by the bye, that is intereſting to children of a larger growth, than thoſe who were then liſtening to it. The little cradle-rocker was ſinging a lullaby to the ſuckling, which was hugging an half-ſtarved kitten in its arms. Find me a family at once ſo happy and numerous, my friend. When the inn-keeper was gone, I ſat down in the ſhaving-chair, and from that day have never ceaſed to wiſh there was at leaſt one female barber in every town I paſſed through. This, however, and another at Mahuntleth, were all I ever met with in my life, and both of them beat the men at a beard all to nothing.

I truſt that you, who I know are delighted with the ſight of "happy human faces," wherever they can be ſeen, will

not be diſpleaſed at my having taken you into this humble abode. It may ſerve to ſhew you, as a ſpecimen, the cheerful and inceſſant labours of the induſtrious poor: for there are very many of this deſcription in Wales, and they are the more meritorious, as, though there is infinite poverty, there is ſcarcely any appearance of it in the whole principality; it being a general, almoſt univerſal principle of the rich, to take care of the poor —a principle which, like every other good, is often abuſed. For the number of common beggars, throughout every part of Wales, is aſtoniſhing: they come in tattered tribes to your doors, from which they never go away if they have no worſe faults than idleneſs and indigence, without being relieved. It would even be thought impious to refuſe them. Profiting hereby, there are whole families, who ſubſiſt ſolely on the charity of their better-ſupplied neighbours. The begging brotherhood of Saint Francis are not more vagrant, nor more ſucceſsful in their mendicatory pilgrimages: and it is not uncommon for the parents, who happen to have ſome compunction, on the ſcore of aſking alms, while they are able

to procure the means of life by their labour, to ſend out their children to ſhift as they can, while they themſelves are at work: preferring this caſual, and diſgraceful mode of ſubſiſtence for their children, to the honeſt induſtry by which they procure their own maintenance. There is, however, as you may ſuppoſe, a material difference, even in the poverty of the induſtrious, and that of the idle; the former, as in the example of the barber of Barmouth, covering the ſhoulders of his family with *remnants*, which certainly ſpeak variety of *industry;* while the latter, though they are neither aſhamed to beg, nor ſteal, and of courſe get their clothes with much leſs trouble, ſuffer them to get in tatters, merely becauſe they are too lazy to mend them before they are irreparable.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

The Budget. No. I.

I DISLIKE a long preface, which is equally tireſome to the writer and reader, and ſhall, therefore, in a conciſe manner, give my reaſons for taking up the pen; as well as the object which I contemplate in ſo doing.

My ſituation in life, is ſuch, as neither to rank me with the higheſt claſs, nor yet to put me on a level with the loweſt. This mediocrity I eſteem an advantage, inaſmuch as it gives me an opportunity of obſerving both. Too humble to excite envy, and poſſeſſing ſufficient wealth to place me above dependence, I can remark the vices and the follies of the rich, as well as thoſe, of which the inferior ranks are guilty. But I would not wiſh the reader to ſuppoſe I delight in contemplating the failings of others; I aſſure him that the pureſt of my enjoy-

ments, conſiſt in witneſſing their virtues. I have ſeen Benevolence attended by riches, and have beheld her the companion of Poverty; her preſence is not confined to the palace, nor does ſhe refuſe to reſide in the lowly cottage.

When indulging my inclination for ſcrutinizing the actions of mankind, I often feel reflections ariſe in my mind, which I ſometimes commit to paper; theſe manuſcripts I have always depoſited in a ſmall bag, which I denominate "The Budget;" having now nearly filled it, I intend, from time to time, to cull ſuch articles from it, as I may think worthy of preſervation: This is my chief motive for intruding upon the public; unleſs, indeed, a little Vanity, which we are all, at times, ſubject to, might have aſſiſted in recommending the meaſure.

My object is to amuſe, and, if poſſible, inſtruct: If I fail in its completion, it ſhall not be for want of inclination. I indulge the fond belief that *ſome*, at leaſt, of the readers of the Juvenile Magazine, will derive both Information and Pleaſure from my labours; and this hope, if realized, will prove a ſufficient reward for my exertions.

I beg the Reader to forgive the egotiſm of this number; to the candid no further apology is neceſſary; and the ill-natured or illiberal would do well, to remember,

"He that expects a faultleſs piece to ſee,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er can be."

TIMOTHY TOUCHPENNY.

FOR THE JUVENILE MAGAZINE.

Truth.

A STRICT and unvarying adherence to truth, is a certain indication of a noble mind; the perſon who never ſteps beyond its bounds, enjoys a ſerenity, which the conſciouſneſs of virtue can alone inſpire; but he that makes a practice of uttering falſehoods, although only, perhaps, in jeſt, becomes habituated to a vice, which will finally involve him in miſery: his words will never be believed; his ſolemn affirmation will be doubt-

ed; and he will experience all the evils attendant on a loſs of reputation.

Truth is repreſented by poets and painters, as entirely naked; ſhe is ſo beautiful in herſelf, as not to require the aid of clothing to adorn her; neither has ſhe any thing of which ſhe need be aſhamed. Not ſo the fiend Falſehood; ſhe requires beautiful garments, to hide her native deformity; which, were it diſcovered, would raiſe diſguſt and abhorrence in the boſom of every beholder.

Some perſons enforce as a maxim, that "the truth ought not to be ſpoken at all times;" but this is a pernicious doctrine, the admiſſion of which into the mind, would infallibly lead to error.

S.

Danger of Bouquets in a bed-room.

DR. Heiſter, of Gottingen, is if opinion, that a great number of perſons found dead in their beds, have loſt their lives by the vapour exhaled from large pots of flowers kept in their bed-rooms. Dr. Ingonhouz, a celebrated German phyſician, who died about three years

ago, has confirmed this opinion by experiments which cannot err. Encloſe, for example, in a glaſs vaſe, during the night, a bunch of any flowers whatever, taking care to put a little water upon the place on which the vaſe is placed, with the mouth downwards, ſo as to prevent any communication between the external air and that in the vaſe; you will find the flowers in the morning in the ſame ſtate without any alteration, but they ſhall have changed the internal air, according to their particular qualities. Inſinuate a candle into this confined air, and it will be extinguiſhed. An ordinary flower encloſed in a glaſs, in a volume of air ten times greater than the ſize of the flower, ſhall ſo corrupt it, that an animal placed in it will die in a few minutes.

Etymology.

THE names of places, as well as perſons, are often derived from circumſtances very curious in their origin.—A very few years ſince a Jew, that dealt

in diamonds, going accidentally into a public houſe at Wapping, happened to want change for a guinea, which occaſioning the landlady to pull out the contents of her pocket in ſearch of a ſixpence to make up the ſum, a large pearl was noticed by the Jew, which the landlady ſaid was given her by a ſailor, and had been carried in her pocket ſeveral years; the Jew betraying much anxiety to purchaſe it, ſo enhanced its value in the poſſeſſors opinion, that her huſband applied to an eminent jeweller in the city, and ſold it for ſo conſiderable a ſum, that, retiring from buſineſs ſoon after, and purchaſing ground near Holywell-Mount, he built a ſmall row of houſes, to which he gave the name of Pearl-Place, in commemoration of the incident. The tar, the inſtrument of this piece of good fortune, died on his voyage to the Eaſt Indies.

The Seasons—in Pastorals.

Spring.

WHEN, approach'd by the fair dewy fingers of Spring,
Swelling buds open firſt and look gay ;
When the birds on the boughs by their mates ſit and ſing,
And are rock'd by the breeze on each ſpray :
When gently deſcending, the rain in ſoft ſhowers,
With its moiſture refreſhes the ground ;
And the drops, as they hang on the plants and the flowers,
Like rich gems beam a luſtre around :
When the wood pigeons ſit in the branches and coo,
And the cuckoo proclaims with his voice,
That nature marks this for the ſeaſon to woo,
And for all that can love to rejoice.
In a cottage by night may I paſs the ſoft time,
In the fields and the meadows all day,
With the wife of my heart, whoſe charms in their prime,
Depict her as blooming as May !

When the lark with his ſhrill notes ſings aloft in the morn,
May my faireſt and I ſweetly wake,
View the far diſtant hills, which the ſun-beams adorn,
Then ariſe, and our cottage forſake.

When the ſun ſhines ſo warm that my charmer and I
May recline on the turf without fear,
Let us there all vain thoughts and ambition defy.
While we breathe the firſt ſweets of the year.
While the dove ſits lamenting the loſs of its mate,
Which the fowler has caught in his ſnares,
May we think ourſelves bleſs'd that it is not our fate
To endure ſuch an abſence as theirs.

May I liſten to all her ſoft, tender ſweet notes,
When ſhe ſings, and no ſounds interfere,
But the warbling of birds, which in ſtretching their throats,
Are at ſtrife to be louder than her.

When the daiſies, and cowſlips, and primroſes blow,
And chequer the meads and the lawns,
May we ſee bounding there the ſwift light-footed doe,
And purſue with our eye the young fawns.

When the lapwings, juſt fledg'd, o'er the turf take their run,
And the firſtlings are all at their play,

And the harmleſs young lambs ſkip about in the ſun,
Let us then be as frolic as they.

When I talk of my love, ſhould I chance to eſpy
That ſhe ſeems to miſtruſt what I ſay,
By a tear that is ready to fall from her eye,
With my lips let me wipe it away.

When evenings grow cool, and the flow'rs hang their heads
With the dew, then no longer we'll roam;
With my arm round her waiſt, in a path thro' the meads,
Let us haſten to find our way home.

Summer.

WHERE the ſun cannot pierce, in a grove of tall trees
With my fair one, as lovely as May,
Undiſturb'd by all ſound, but the ſighs of the breeze,
Let me paſs the hot noon of the day.

When the ſun, leſs intenſe, to the weſtward inclines,
For the meadows the groves we'll forſake,
And ſee the rays dance as inverted he ſhines,
On the face of ſome river or lake:

Where my faireſt and I, on it's verge as we
paſs,
(For 'tis ſhe that muſt ſtill be my theme)
Our two ſhadows may view on the watery
glaſs,
While the fiſh are at play in the ſtream.

May the herds ceaſe to low, and the lambkins
to bleat,
When ſhe ſings me ſome amorous ſtrain;
All be ſilent, and huſh'd, unleſs echo repeat
The kind words and ſweet ſounds back again.

And when we return to our cottage at night,
Hand in hand as we ſauntering ſtray,
Let the moon's ſilver beams thro' the leaves
give us light,
Juſt direct us and chequer our way.

Let the nightingale warble its notes in our
walk,
As thus gently and ſlowly we move;
And let no ſingle thought be expreſs'd in our
talk,
But of friendſhip improv'd into love.

Thus enchanted each day with theſe rural de-
lights,
And ſecure from Ambition's alarms,
Soft love and repoſe ſhall divide all our nights,
And each morning ſhall riſe with new
charms.

Autumn.

THO' the ſeaſons muſt alter, ah! yet let me find,
What ſome will profeſs to be rare,
A female ſtill chearful, and faithful, and kind,
The bleſſings of Autumn to ſhare.

Let one ſide of our cottage, a flouriſhing vine
Overſpread with its branches and ſhade;
Whoſe cluſters appear more tranſparent and fine,
As its leaves are beginning to fade.

When the fruit makes the branches bend down with its load,
In our orchard ſurrounded with pales;
In a bed of clean ſtraw let our apples be ſtow'd,
For a tart that in winter regales.

When the vapours that riſe from the earth in the morn,
Seem to hang on its ſurface like ſmoke,
Till diſpers'd by the ſun that gilds over the corn,
Within doors let us prattle and joke.

But when we ſee clear all the hues of the leaves,
And at work in the fields are all hands,

Some in reaping the wheat, others binding the
ſheaves,
Let us careleſsly ſtroll o'er the lands.

When the leaves from the trees are begun to
be ſhed,
And are leaving the branches all bare,
Either ſtrew'd at the roots, ſhrivell'd, wither'd,
and dead,
Or elſe blown to and fro in the air:

Let's enjoy all the pleaſure retirement affords,
Still amus'd with our innocent ſports,
Nor once envy the pomp of fine ladies and
lords,
With their grand entertainments in courts.

In the eve to our cottage, well pleas'd, let's
repair,
And our mutual endearments revive;
While our looks, and our words, and our ac-
tions declare
How contented and happy we live.

Winter.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a
leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;

When Nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt:

While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhivering with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
And the innocent flocks run for warmth to the fold,
With their fleeces beſprinkled with ſnow:

In the yard, when the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And they ſend forth their breath in a ſteam;
And the neat-looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Flakes of ice that ſhe finds in the cream:

When the ſweet country-maiden, as freſh as a roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips often ſlides,
And the ruſtics laugh loud, if by falling ſhe ſhows
All the charms that her modeſty hides:

When the lads and the laſſes for company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat:

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon, it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire;

While the icicles hang from the eaves of my
cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire!

Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from
ſurprize,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure;
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure!

BRERewood.

The Village Schoolmaster.

FIX'D in his worm-worn ſeat, from day to
day,
Arm'd with the enſigns of his petty rule,
With age bent double, and with years grown
grey,
Behold the ſov'reign of the village ſchool.

And yet, with judgment ſound, behold him
trace,
Amidſt the inceſſant buzz that floats around,
The various merits of the infant race,
The various ſoils, the good or barren ground.

The human face, ſo ſages tell us, ſhows,
(And to their laws what mortals can be blind?)
It indicates, as ſhrewd Lavater knows,
The never-varying index of the mind.

If this be true, then in this face we ſee
The London merchant worth a double plum;
In that (and ſpare it, oh! ye fatal Three,)
The ſhrilly fife and battle-ſtirring drum.

In theſe ſtrong lineaments we view the plough,
In thoſe the forge, the anvil, and the file;
In one we find the hero's laurell'd brow,
In t'other mark the ſcholar's poliſh'd ſtyle.

Here ſtalks, with briefs and parchments cover'd o'er,
The future lawyer, full of quips and quirks;
There ſhines a ſecond Hale, the ſound divine,
The embryo author of ſome matchleſs works.

'Tis eaſy to diſcover in this face,
Without the aid, indeed, of ſecond ſight,
Another mighty Nimrod of the chace,
Of hounds and hunters bold the darling wight.

In that we trace, devoid of ev'ry art,
Of manners gentle and affections mild,
While with compaſſion throbs the feeling heart,
Of chilling penury the patient child.

On ſoils, or good or bad, man's lot is caſt;
And each, with pleaſure or with pain, we find
The part, whate'er it be, from firſt to laſt,
The part performs which Providence aſſign'd.

Verses by Wm. Cowper Esq. Not published in his works.

THE poplars are fell'd and adieu to the ſhade,
And the whiſpering ſound of the cool colonade:

The winds play no longer, and ſing in their
leaves,
Nor the Ouſe, on its ſurface, their image re-
ceives.

Twelve years had elaps'd ſince I took a laſt
view
Of my favourite field, and the place where they
grew;
When, behold, on their ſides, in the graſs they
were laid,
And I ſate on the trees under which I had
ſtray'd.

The blackbird has ſought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a ſcreen from the
heat;
And the ſcene where his notes have oft charm'd
me before,
Shall reſound with his ſmooth-flowing ditty no
more.

My fugitive years are all haſting away,
And I muſt myſelf lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breaſt, and a ſtone at my
head,
E're another ſuch grove riſes up in its ſtead.

The change both my heart and my fancy em-
ploys;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleaſures we ſee,
Have a ſtill ſhorter date, and die ſooner than
we.

Review of School and Juvenile Publications.

The Sparrow.

WHATEVER tends to impreſs early principles of humanity and benevolence, ought particularly to be recommended to the ſtudy of youth. No part of education is more important than that which teaches children to treat the inferior orders of animals with tenderneſs and ſympathy; for they who, after a ſingle admonition, take pleaſure in torturing the moſt contemptible inſect, will, as they grow up, be cruel and unfeeling to their own ſpecies. The author of the Sparrow has honourably employed his talents on a former occaſion*, to give ſome important leſſons on this ſubject, through the pleaſing medium of fable; and the little work now before us ſeems only a continuation of the ſame laudable endeavours. The intention and the execution are alike entitled to our unqualified praiſe: but we feel it our duty to controvert a principle laid down in the introduction, though we give the writer credit for the purity of his motives. With an amiable ſolicitude for the honour of human nature, he aſks.

*KEEPER'S TRAVELS *in ſearch of his Master.*

"Is it believed that any child ever tortured a creature with a cruel intention—that is, for the PURPOSE of giving it pain?

"We reply in the negative. We refer their behaviour to an honourable characteriſtic of the mind—THE LOVE OF ACTION.

"In ſupport of our opinion of the purity of intention, we aſk, whether the moſt excellent and moſt benevolent perſons cannot remember to have given unneceſſary pain to any bird, beaſt, fiſh, reptile, or inſect? And we aſk if in ſo doing, they charge themſelves with any any vicious motive—whether they did not forbear, as ſoon as their faculties enabled them to comprehend, with ſufficient force, the nature of their error? We requeſt too that they will be kind enough to make the ſame excuſe for thoſe who are now their imitators."

It cannot be denied that activity is congenial to the minds of children; but we dare not account for the cruelty which ſome of them ſhow to animals on this principle, but on a natural depravity of diſpoſition, which requires all the checks of authority, and all the diſſuaſives of reaſon, to correct and ſoften. It is a fact recorded in hiſtory, that ſome of the moſt execrable tyrants that ever diſgraced human nature, began their career of cruelty with killing flies, and progreſſively went on to murder their fellow-men. Is it the love of action which could prompt this? We will anſwer, No! Had they indeed been curbed or reform-

ed before their vicious habits became too deeply rooted—had they been inſpired by their parents or governors with juſter notions of what is legitimately due to every thing that poſſeſſes life, and that torture is indefenſible on any principle of ſelf-preſervation, neceſſity or allowed ſuperiority, it is probable the annals of mankind would never have been ſtained with the attrocities of ſuch monſters; but yet there muſt have been a radical taint in the heart to incline them to ſport with ſufferings of any kind. While on the other hand we are happy to ſay, that we have known many children, who from a natural amiability, never evinced the leaſt propenſity to a voluntary infliction of pain on the humbleſt reptile.

Agreeing, however, with our author in his object, and highly applauding the mode in which he has ſo very ſucceſsfully combated cruelty, and enforced a love of humanity, we paſs over this inſulated poſition, which it is but juſtice to declare has no effect on the ſtructure of his fable.

YOUNG G. & L. MAGAZINE.

The Sparrow has besn just re-printed by B. & J. Johnson, Philadelphia. Price 25 cts

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